

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVI.—No. 18.  
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

THE young "war lord of Berlin" has just said another bright thing. Talking with some one the other day about the situation in Cuba he is reported to have remarked, that evidently Spain is about to lose "the gem of the Caribbean" and that the shrewdest move for her to make is to offer to sell it to the United States on certain valuable conditions. "She will lose Cuba anyhow, but it is not yet too late for her to bargain with the American Republic."

That is precisely what COLLIER'S WEEKLY recommended in its last issue, which certainly had not time to reach Berlin, and therefore could not have been before the young Kaiser when he jauntily made the remark attributed to him. It is only one of those curious coincidences or examples of simultaneity of thought which some people ascribe to mental telepathy. The Kaiser is a clear-headed man, whose random thoughts are commonly

reached by those who are in close touch with him.

Let us hope that what he says about Cuba may reach the ears of those in Manila who have it in their power to end the long strife in "the ever-faithful isle" by a clean stroke of business. That Spain's power is on its last legs in Cuba seems to admit of no doubt. Would it not be wiser, more humane as well as more politic to admit the inevitable and try to make the best terms at once with the Cuban patriots instead of stubbornly prolonging a struggle which is without hope? It matters very little how these best terms are to be arranged—whether by direct treaty with the Cubans or through the friendly offices of the United States. If Spain's pride is too great to admit of direct negotiations with the Cubans, then let her operate through our Government. Let her name her price for the surrender or sale of Cuba, and she will find the American Government and the American people more than ready to meet her half-way.

There are two modes of procedure open to her. One is to sell outright to the United States for a large cash price; the other is to sell to the Cubans, accepting the guarantee of the United States that the money will be paid out of the revenues of Cuba herself within a reasonable period. The latter would undoubtedly be the more acceptable proposition so far as both Cuba and the United States are concerned. It would be the less onerous for Cuba, and it might result in a sort of *entente cordiale* between the colony and the mother

country—a consideration not to be despised. It is always best to do a thing in the most gracious way possible. It pays.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, has grown apace in official stature and popularity since he became a member of the Salisbury Cabinet, and inaugurated a new and stunning policy for the development of colonial interests. The Transvaal row and the Venezuelan boundary dispute burst upon the scene at precisely the right moment to test the new Secretary's mettle and discretion. Both have added to his laurels—in fact they have furnished him the opportunity to pose as the strongest as well as the most popular man in the Conservative Cabinet. He is not Prime Minister, but he is "a bigger man" already than his chief, and he is sure to get to the top before Balfour or any of the others.

His Manchester speech on January 25 about the horrors of a needless war with "our own blood and kindred" was perhaps a little bit "too too" in the mode of expression, but its sentiments find general response among all sensible Americans. We can overlook the somewhat hackneyed flap-doodle for the sake of the genuine chunks of wisdom and good feeling behind it all. Mr. Chamberlain concedes that Britain as well as the United States may have been a little too hasty about this Venezuelan boundary case. "The opinion seemed," said Mr. Chamberlain, "to have prevailed in England that American statesmen wished to pick a quarrel, while the Americans seemed to have thought that the British were disposed to impugn the Monroe Doctrine, which they rightly held to be the most important to their own security. They also seemed to have thought that the British were disposed to deal in a harsh and arbitrary manner with a smaller State."

Mr. Chamberlain must have smiled to himself when he uttered the last sentence. But perhaps it will not do to spoil the goody-goody effect of his speech by whispering that Americans feel quite confident the British would have been quite as "harsh and arbitrary" with Venezuela as they were a while ago with little Nicaragua had it not been for a few rather vigorous sentences in President Cleveland's famous message about the boundary dispute. It makes quite a difference, you see, whether the big dog disposed to growl at a little dog sees another big dog coming up to the rescue. It is too bad that our traditional policy of no entangling alliances forbids us to make the only sort of response of real value to Mr. Chamberlain's stirring appeal about Armenia. "Would it were possible," exclaimed Mr. Chamberlain at the conclusion of his speech at Manchester—"would it were possible that instead of wasting breath in a petty South American boundary dispute we could count on the powerful support of the United States in enforcing the representations which hitherto we have fruitlessly made in behalf of those who are suffering by Turkish tyranny and Turkish fanaticism."

No country feels more keenly than America for the sufferings of the unfortunate Armenians—no country is more in favor of abolishing "the unspeakable Turk"—but it is all outside our bailiwick, Mr. Chamberlain, and we may not set aside our traditional non-interference policy in European affairs even under such strong provocation as exists in the present barbarities practiced by the abominable Kurds upon the helpless Christians. The resolution just passed by Congress urging the signatory Powers to the Treaty of Berlin to enforce its provisions is about as far as the United States may go in the line of meddling with the web of European complications. Indeed there are Americans who believe that it was a mistake even to go that far. Many influential journals hold that it is the first false step toward the snare of the much-talked-of "entangling alliances" and that we will live to regret it. Let us hope not. After all, the resolution is only advisory, and there are exceptions to every rule. It seems rather cold to invoke the spirit of non-interference in a case where the heart of the entire Christian world is throbbing with sympathy. It is the impulse of Christian sympathy that urges all nations, near and far, to do something more than appeal to the better nature of the Turk. An appeal to his fears is far more likely to have a good effect, and there is sufficient ambiguity about this Congressional resolution to awaken the fears of the Turk, while leaving our Government ample opportunity to avoid the dangers of a direct entangling alliance. If we go no further all will be well.

It will interest ladies everywhere to learn that their Philadelphia sisters have tackled the servant girl problem, and banded themselves together in the hope of forcing better service and more reasonable rates from cooks, chambermaids, waitresses and all the other species of "help" embraced under the generic term servant. This move has been made by the Civic Club of Philadelphia—an organization composed entirely of women who interest themselves in all the burning questions of the day. Its success, of course, will depend altogether upon the permanent union and co-operation of all housewives. Heretofore all attempts to settle the servant question on an equitable and common sense

basis have failed through indecision and want of harmony and concert on the part of the ladies chiefly interested. But let us see of what this last plan consists.

Its most important feature appears to be the placing in every intelligence office and labor bureau, to be hung up conspicuously, the following circular:

## SCHEDULE OF EFFICIENCY.

Cooks at \$3.50 or \$4 per week—
Must understand care of range or stove.
Must understand care of sinks and drains.
Must understand care of kitchen, cellar and ice chest.
Must understand care of utensils.
Must understand making bread, biscuit, muffins and griddle cakes.
Must understand making soup stock.
Must understand roasting, boiling and broiling meats.
Must understand dressing and cooking poultry.
Must understand cooking eggs, fish and oysters.
Must understand cooking vegetables, fresh or canned.
Must understand making tea and coffee.
Must understand making plain desserts.
Waitresses at \$3 or \$3.50 per week—
Must understand care of dining-room.
Must understand care of silver, glass and china.
Must understand care and attention in waiting on the table.
Must understand care of parlor and halls.
Must understand answering the door bell properly.
Chambermaids at \$3 or \$3.50 per week—
Must understand care of bedrooms.
Must understand care of beds and bedding.
Must understand sweeping and dusting.
Must understand care of toilet and bathrooms.
Must understand care of hardwood floors.
Child's nurse at \$3 or \$3.50 per week—
Must understand washing, dressing and feeding of children.
Must understand general care of the health and well-being of children.
Laundresses at \$3.50 or \$4 per week—
Must understand washing and ironing.
Must understand general care of bed and table linen and clothes.
Seamstresses at \$3.50 or \$4 per week—
Must understand plain sewing.
Must understand mending and darning.
Must understand use of sewing machine.

Ladies pledge themselves to stand by this schedule, and in order to show a proper degree of interest in the servants themselves, they undertake to see that all incompetent servants are at least given a suitable opportunity to learn all that is requisite for the proper discharge of their duties. To this end housewives agree to send incompetent servants to a school of cookery or housework, and to provide them, when properly trained, with respectable situations. The idea is good, but it all depends upon how it is carried out. Let us wait for developments.

## IT IS NOT FAR.

EXACTLY at this time three years ago, the outcry began. You remember the time. The New York *Herald* began with the cry, "Repeal the Sherman Law; stop buying silver." It was a hard winter. Cleveland had been elected; but would not take the chair until March. The pinch upon wages and upon the employer who had to pay them began to be felt. The papers that echoed the *Herald* called it depression due to want of confidence in our monetary system, on the part of European investors. Wall Street and Europe and even some of the people, who had no interest in a bank or a gold brokerage, began to abuse and vilify silver. The reader will remember that these columns urged from week to week that silver was not to blame.

Now, after three years of a bitter and a costly experiment, we are face to face with the indisputable fact that our silver was not to blame. That the money-changers of the world have made millions out of the pretense that such was the case. That the commerce we have lost has been gained by Europe. That the wages the American workman has gone without have been earned in foreign workshops, making goods for us that we used to make for ourselves in the good old times.

The times are not so far in the past, when things were so different from what they are now. It will not be a revolution—nor a disturbing change—to bring them back. If President Cleveland will not help to do the work, it can be done without him—under another Executive—within a year and the few months that intervene between now and the Ides of March.

Bonds, banking, foreign affairs, canceling of greenbacks—all other things whatever—are the veriest trifles compared with the main issue. Shall we get back the prosperity of 1892? There is no need of banking talk and of foreign affairs, and the rest, until we get back what we once enjoyed.

It is not so very long since these times took wings—as such times do once in a while. The spot where they left us, still bears the mark of the parting—namely, that part of our downward journey since 1892, at which Europe began to question our monetary standards. Silver was questioned, the tariff was broken down, the balance of trade turned in favor of the foreigner—all these things came together and brought idle workmen, suffering homes and despairing employers with them. But it is not far to the turn in the road, at which we

again see our way clear to get back those better days. If President Cleveland would throw off his financial theories and his bond infatuation, the change might be made this winter. As this is hardly to be expected, we must needs keep at work the best we can. The road is hard, and exasperating to feet used to better going, but we will get to the end some time. It is not far, now.

#### THAT MAIDEN SPEECH.

WE have no apology to offer for Senator Tillman of South Carolina. He has arrived, and a new element of representation has entered into public affairs—that is, a very numerous population of voters will be behind him every time he rises to speak in the Senate and to back various measures that he intends to introduce. His ability cannot be questioned. His forcefulness has been proved in several hard-fought contests. But the propelling power behind these and other of his personal characteristics is his sincerity, shining out through his scurrilous language, in an eloquence that is at once homely, demagogic, and racy of the American soil of the Great Interior and Southern States. He has come to the front as the one revolutionist since the Civil War who means to be heard. Under the Republican regime that is already partly in evidence he may sink into obscurity, unless that large silver element in the Republican States of the Interior and West successfully demand from their party a fuller recognition of the white metal.

The language of Senator Tillman in his maiden speech, so long promised to us, is not up to the Senatorial standard in point of moderation and courteous phrases; but then nobody expected it would be. Compared with what the honorable Senator from South Carolina said he would do when he arrived at Washington, his maiden speech, January 29, is disappointment on the right side. No doubt he was somewhat awed by the presence of his grave and reverend colleagues, though he professed to believe that he was not. It is hard to take all the dignity out of our Upper House in one two-hour speech. We predict—for Senator Tillman's own good—that his next speech will be even more carefully conservative than his first broadside.

To be sure the honorable Senator from South Carolina was not very conservative in his maiden speech, either. But he did not threaten bloodshed. He called the President names, and mourned over the downfall of Secretary Carlisle, and said the country was in the hands of the gold ring. Bad as this last statement sounds, it is to an extent true. Anyhow, we have heard before all—and more besides—that the Senate heard on the 29th.

Two points are to be noted in this connection. Senator Tillman will have to blue-pencil his speeches in future, or nobody will listen to them. He must lick his complaints into shape, or the country will write him down rather as a man of talk than as a man of useful activity. As he says himself, something must be done. And it will require more than talk.

The second good result that must follow—not from Senator Tillman's arrival, but from the event of his holding a large area in the public eye—is this: The people who are to stand up with him every time he stands up in the Senate are of many classes. A large temperance element and many other influential elements of our population follow him—even outside of South Carolina. Under all his scurrility and revolutionary posing, there is a solid foundation of Americanism. Now, if the honorable gentleman from South Carolina has the good fortune to begin at once to trim his views to a practical shape, all these people will stand by him. Otherwise he will certainly find the level of obscurity that all demagogues deserve; for the people are terribly in earnest just now on the question of getting a broad, sensible American National policy in good working order. It should be Senator Tillman's first concern to get right into this work at once.

#### GERMANY WILL NOT STAND IT.

THE United States may some day need a sort of a local Monroe Doctrine for our own use right here at home. It has long been the custom to regard this country as choice territory for the investment of foreign capital. We have heralded the fact ourselves, and foreigners have been so prompt with their responses that breweries, railroads and other great American enterprises, wet and dry, depend largely on foreign capital. Among the most paying of foreign investments in this country are the foreign insurance companies, the English and German in particular.

We are just reminded by our friend Deputy Lueckhoss, who spoke in the Landtag at Berlin January 29, that the Kaiser has prohibited American insurance companies from doing business in Prussia, on the ground that they had amassed great fortunes in the past from Prussian clients. This is a fact, of course. Insurance companies amass great fortunes when properly managed. It is only right that Prussian capital should insure Prussians. This is money that ought to stay at home.

The foreign insurance companies doing business in this country are not leaving any fortunes here. Money paid in premiums finds its way to the home strong-box, and only a part comes back to pay death losses. Even

then, we have to lose an "oldest inhabitant," or some such person, before we get a cent back.

If Deputy Lueckhoss is right as to Prussia, why would not a law against foreign companies—or a law charging them handsomely for the privilege of using American money until an American dies—be a good thing for the United States? Or, better yet, proclaim the new Monroe Doctrine that the United States shall not hereafter be regarded as good picking for foreign insurance companies?

#### WORTHY OF OURSELVES AT LAST.

CERTAINLY, if ever there was a farce under the guise of a treaty it is that which is called the Treaty of Berlin, signed in 1878. That was shortly after the time when the world was horrified at the Bulgarian atrocities wherein—as one instance—helpless Christians were shut up in their church and roasted alive within its flaming walls, escape from the building being cut off by the rifles of the Turkish soldiery. Something had to be done. The Six Great Powers got together in this Treaty of Berlin in 1878 and agreed to see to it that Christian subjects of Turkey should be protected in their rights. The right-minded American reader knows now that the treaty is a dead letter because of the jealousies of these Great Powers; and he feels that something ought to be done now, unless we are to disregard altogether the commonest instincts of humanity.

Why should newspapers in this country object to the resolution passed by both Houses of Congress calling on the Six Powers to protect the Armenians under the Treaty of Berlin? What can be the motive for objecting to it? Because it is none of our business? Of course, we did not sign that Treaty—if we did, there would be something more than a concurrent resolution of Congress. But certain timid gentlemen of the press seem to think that it will get us into war. Nonsense. The United States is an independent Government, and has the right to make representations to other civilized Governments in the interest of civilization. There is no offense in the proceeding. The concurrent resolution is based on a historical fact. It is straightforward, cannot be controverted either as to argument or pertinency. It is a document worthy of the Republic.

More important still, in this connection—the Six Powers would stand by that treaty if they could find a way. England is afraid to stir, because the Mohammedans of India would not like it—in plain words, the Empire of Great Britain is indirectly and perforce in league with the fanatical slayers of the innocent who are defying the civilized world. Russia has an arrangement with Turkey already, by which a little waiting will give the Czar an easy advantage over England. The other Governments are not particularly interested, except in the maintaining of the balance of power.

Under these circumstances it was timely, and quite pertinent on our part, to call the attention of the Six Powers to what they bound themselves to do in 1878—to protect the Oriental Christians. Offense or no offense, the concurrent resolution is true. It is in the interest of the higher international law. It is right. It is worthy of the land of Decatur.

#### ABOUT TANGLES.

WONDER if this atmosphere around the Globe is not in some sort of an interstratal tangle? Come to think, that is a fact. Currents continue to cross, crowd and interface one another, thus keeping themselves moving in the earth aired out; the human inhabitants in language fuel, the fauna in life-giving oxygen, and the flora in color and running sap and vigor and unconscious life. It seems that all this beneficence would be impossible without complications among the independent currents.

Man being a part of this stupendous whole called the Cosmos, it is inevitable that Governments and Kings and peoples will cross and recross one another's orbits once in a while. But is it a necessary evil that the whole world should be in such a tangle as it is now? Here is England just making a new tangle on the Pacific Coast. Joseph Chamberlain and others of our cousins and marriage connections have found that the United States has usurped three million acres of land that belongs to British Columbia. Now if we mix this new strand in with our meddling with England's sick man; then throw in Hammond, the American unjustly immured in jail in the Transvaal, where England also has a tangle; warp this to the left with Venezuela, to the right with England's encroachments on our Alaska; and then add all the other tangles of Europe, Asia, Africa and the Islands of the sea. What a kettle of fish that would be!

And, remember, we are right in the middle of "it all." Good old G. Washington, first President! Little did he think that entangling alliances have a charm for certain statesmen, even in our justice-loving, stay-at-home Republic.

These tangles in general result from a common primal cause. The nation that is always reaching out is quite a different sort of organism from the one that simply gets along with other nations on a basis of reciprocal benefits. The colonizer of ancient times was ever at war. Phoenicia fought Rome until Carthage was destroyed. Rome started on her career of conquest and succumbed to the fierce energy of the Northern

Tribes. Nations cannot always continue to reach out. The Empire that is doing it now is crossing so many currents, peaceful and warlike, that her downfall is close at hand, unless she adopts the policy of justice to her weaker neighbors. Great Britain has far-seeing statesmen. Do they not see that this tangle is thickening? And that presently it will not be possible to unravel it without violence?

#### THE FIRE-BUG CONSPIRACY.

It is generally believed that New York, in common with most other large cities, has been for years the victim of fire-bug conspiracies involving not only unjust loss to insurance companies and the destruction of valuable property not implicated in the conspiracy, but also the loss of many human lives. Assistant District Attorney Vernon M. Davis of this city has been untiring in his pursuit of these wretches, and the gang is now believed to be considerably scattered and less daring in their operations in the metropolis. His latest achievement is the conviction of Louis Gordon, after the longest trial on the records of the General Sessions, lasting forty-five days.

The jury found Gordon guilty of arson in the second degree, for which he is liable to seven years imprisonment. Under all the circumstances, it is difficult to understand the jury's recommendation for mercy. The trial was stubbornly contested, and unless there is some doubt of the prisoner's guilt after the trial, or that he was the tool or the scapegoat of the arch-conspirators, it does not appear that seven years is a very severe penalty. If there is any reasonable doubt of Gordon's guilt he will certainly get a new trial, as his attorneys are fully competent to protect his rights.

It is rather too plain, however, that the recommendation for mercy is prompted by the sympathy excited for Gordon by the frequent exhibitions of his family for effect in court during the trial. The WEEKLY believes in the humane administration of justice; but the cringe of arson is one of those that seldom call for mercy, and the spectacle of Gordon's family used for the purpose stated is little short of disgraceful—presuming, of course, that he is guilty.

#### WHAT ABOUT THE HOME CIRCLE?

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, with the Fortnightly Library and the Standard Authors, all included in the yearly subscription, payable on terms that suit the convenience of all, is gaining in favor from week to week. In the Home that looks forward to a renewal of the good times we once enjoyed, this method of securing a supply of the best reading that the world affords is more popular than ever.

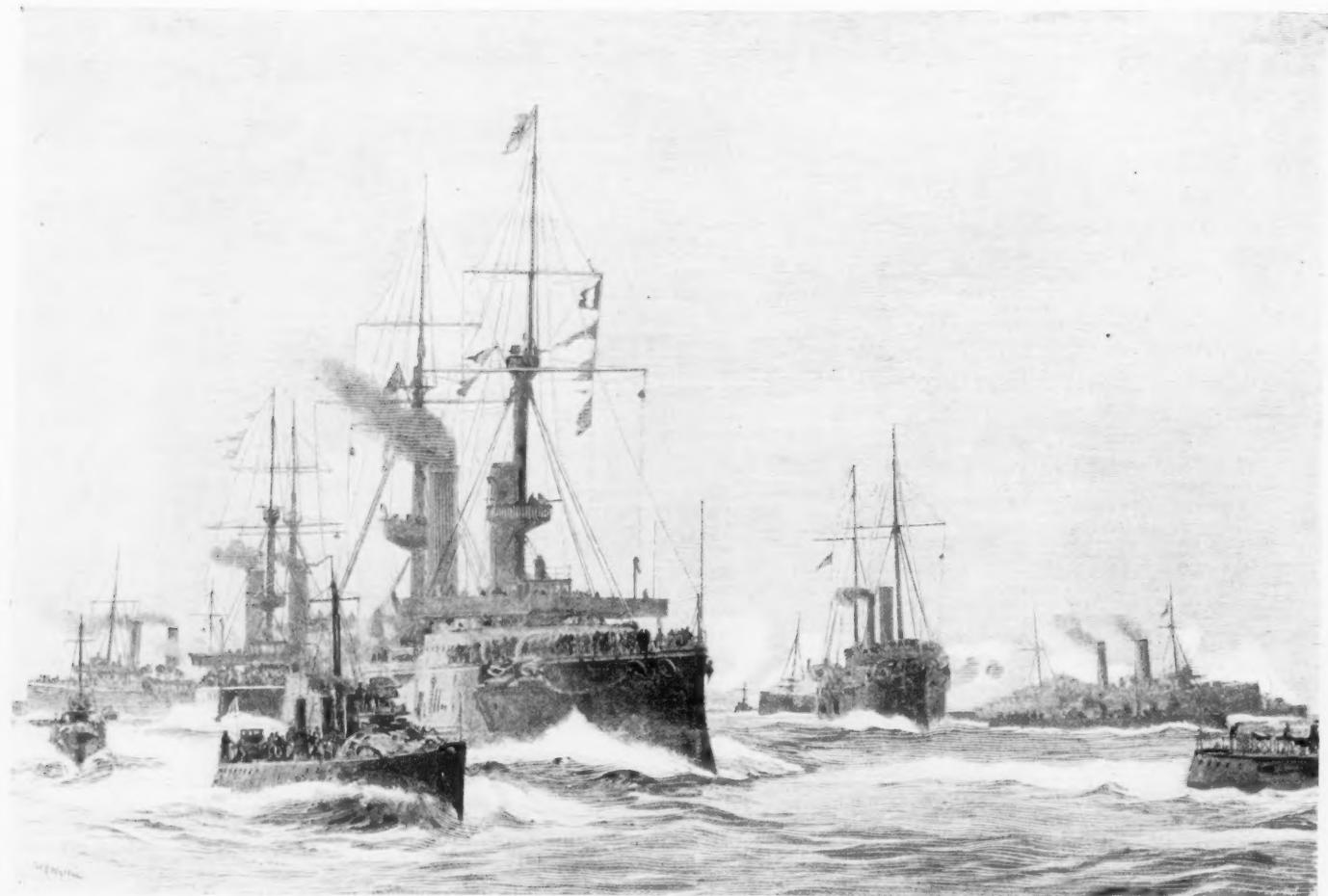
The favorite American illustrated journal is always a welcome visitor. Avoiding sensationalism and chronic fault-finding, the WEEKLY does its share in actual proposals to do those things that will lead upward to even better things than the American people have ever yet done—in a country that, though temporarily depressed by the crazy patchwork of ill-balanced statesmanship, is still the happiest and wealthiest on earth; as it always has been, in prosperity as well as in adversity, the most justice-loving with the cleanest record in our dealings with other countries. COLLIER'S WEEKLY stands for these higher aims, and is calling for a return to the recent good times that were placed in jeopardy three years ago. The Home that looks for this revival finds an old co-worker in the WEEKLY, and one that is still continuing the same work for the American Idea.

Besides the WEEKLY the American Home has received and will continue to receive under the annual subscription the new, bright and rapid-moving novels of the day for which the Fortnightly Library has grown famous in every State and Territory of the Union. These novels cost our subscribers less than ten cents each, and they cannot be obtained elsewhere for less than one dollar and a quarter. They describe life, people and scenes in every civilized country of the world. They are the best work of the greatest living novelists.

In addition to the WEEKLY and the Library the subscriber obtains also a set of books of standard literature, including the great names of the world of letters—Milton, Scott, Byron, Washington Irving, Goldsmith, Swift, Dante, Balzac, and many others. These volumes are bound in English cloth and are to be found in the best private libraries in all sections of the United States. Your choice of these sets of Standard Volumes may be Irving's Life of Washington in three splendid cloth-bound volumes. The Home Circle ought to have this work for the rising generation.

This triple combination is yours or may become your friend's by the same process that has introduced so much valuable reading matter into Homes that would not otherwise have been supplied. The subscribers pay one dollar when a four-dollar set of books is delivered. Then every week you receive the best illustrated journal in this country, and one that caters to no class or clique, but is broad, fair, outspoken and honest. Every two weeks you receive a new, up-to-date novel. During the year you pay fifty cents a month until six dollars and a half is paid. The outlay is within the reach of all. What you receive is of permanent value. You cannot duplicate it for less than ten dollars—cash down.

Now is the time to try this plan, if you have not yet done so.



THAT FAMOUS "FLYING SQUADRON."

## BRUIN AND FEBRUARY.

In the New England and Middle Atlantic States February 2, Candlemas Day, was fair and sunshiny, so that Bruin coming out of his winter quarters must have seen his form reflected, if he ventured forth. A first break that the bear is supposed to make every year is on that date. According to this method of forecasting the weather, Bruin went back into winter quarters, where he will remain for a term of weeks, thus giving us a late spring. According to weather reports, this will be as true—or as mistaken—of the whole country as of the Eastern section.

Late spring weather will be bad enough, if we get it, which we probably will, in spots. But we are promised a late spring in other matters, unless many very important movements to get matters straight for the general welfare take on an increase of activity and rational counsel. Congress is deadlocked on monetary and bond legislation. The Senate, February 1, favored free coinage of silver, by a vote of 42 to 35, and the House and President are understood to be opposed to such a measure. The gold reserve is less than fifty million dollars. Bids for the new bonds are coming in; but unless some definite result of legislation is reached it is difficult to see just what good will come of it all.

A long fight is expected also on the tariff question, and it may be a very late spring indeed before the President and his Republican Congress come to an agreement on some practicable compromise. If we could only get relief on these very vital home concerns, other affairs might wait, though some of them also are quite urgent.

## CUBA AND SPAIN.

In so far as this country is interested in the speedy termination of bloodshed and destruction of property in Cuba, the prospect is gloomy for American interests in the whole unfortunate affair. There can be no doubt that Cuban revolutionists are plotting and conspiring in many of our large cities, with headquarters probably here in New York. This is a condition that is dangerous to the peace and good understanding that should exist in this hemisphere, with reference to our immediate neighbors. Congress has a duty to perform in clearing up the situation. The Cuban revolution or insurrection is a serious menace to us.

Now that Madrid has promised to bring the trouble to speed close, we have a right to expect relief for us at least from the annoyance and serious loss to our commerce caused by the dilatory tactics heretofore employed. The prominent feature of the Cuban situation at present is that it is next to impossible to get reliable news from the Island.

## INCREASE ON THE WRONG SIDE.

The end of January showed a net increase in the public debt of \$5,747,976.15. The interest-bearing debt increased \$860. The non-interest-bearing debt decreased \$688,306.50. Cash in the Treasury decreased \$6,435,422.65. As it was the drain on the cash in the Treasury that caused the decrease of the national cash resources, it is not necessary to state that the trouble was caused by the unsatisfactory workings of our financial system in connection with the tariff and other sources of revenue.

The national finances stood as follows at the close of

business, January 31: Interest-bearing debt, \$747,362,820; debt on which interest had ceased since maturing, \$1,673,190.26; debt bearing no interest, \$375,602,005.64; total debt, \$1,124,638,015.90. Gold reserve was \$49,645,507; net cash balance, \$121,746,271.27.

Compared with other countries, our total national debt is a small affair—so small, considering what the earning capacity of the country is, that it is simply ridiculous to see five millions added to it in spite of all we can do. This undesirable state of affairs will continue until we return to the American system of bimetallism and a protective tariff working harmoniously together.

## IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Ambassador Bayard does not always represent this country in England, in a manner to suit those who believe in a protective tariff. And he is believed by many to have overstepped the mark of personal privilege when he denounced that system in speeches at Boston, England, and Edinburgh, Scotland.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has resolved to censure the Ambassador for those speeches, and to follow up that action by laying down new rules for the future government of our representatives abroad. It may or may not be advisable to make these rules regulating free speech for Ambassador Bayard or others. We will not say whether or not the Ambassador really erred at all when he only voiced the sentiments of the present Administration at Washington on the subject of a protective tariff. These are questions open to debate. But that vote of censure—seeing that President Cleveland will not recall Bayard for offensive speech, is it worth while for a Republican Congress to cause needless bitterness by such a serious public censure as that resolution will inflict? The Senate ought to look at this resolution from many sides, before voting on it.

## A MODEL BUSINESS ANNUAL.

The American newspaper business is very vast, far-reaching and varied. It goes everywhere, embraces all things, and not infrequently shakes all things up. We might give a guess now and again as to the extent of this business. We may occasionally image forth in a vague, general way what the town is like now that lacks a newspaper.

But if you wish to get at the facts a great newspaper annual published by N. W. Ayer & Son of Philadelphia will furnish them. Not only does this splendid reference annual give all about the publications of one kind and another, but it is also a gazetteer, embracing a vast amount of information concerning the location, population, political complexion, physical features, agricultural products and manufacturing industries of every State and county in the United States and Canada; also the location, population, railroad connections, express, telegraph and banking facilities of every place in which a newspaper is published; also complete lists of religious, agricultural, educational, medical, scientific and mechanical publications as well as of all others issued in the interest of any trade or profession. The whole constituting a valuable aid to profitable advertising. Sent carriage paid, on receipt of the price, five dollars, by the publishers, N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper advertising agents, Philadelphia.

## AN OFFICIAL BOYCOTT OF THE PRESS.

It has long been known that the news furnished through England's Government cables is often nothing but English diplomacy working through the efficient device of rumor and first-word. It has come to pass now that European news of all kinds from official sources is given out from Premier, Kaiser, Government Organ, and "trusted official," with reckless disregard of the facts, sometimes without any reference to or need of facts at all.

If ever a fearless news-gatherer was needed, he is needed now at all the great news centres of Europe. The contradictory dispatches that our great dailies are paying large sums of money for are very tiresome. There can be no doubt that the official class on the other side is determined to control its own news.

Is the custom spreading in this country, too? The Yacht Committee censured the *New York Herald* for getting some of the news before it was given out officially. It would be interesting to know how much of the news we read—and that is contradicted next day—is also suffering from the American official boycott.

## SIDE LIGHTS IN THE CENTRAL STATES.

Governor Altgeld of Illinois will go to the Democratic National Convention at the head of the Illinois delegation; will fight against Cleveland and a third term; will boom Morrison first, last and all the time. The whole Illinois delegation will be with him. Missouri, it is believed, will also be for Morrison at the convention.

Colonel Coit led the militia against the mob that tried to lynch Jasper Dolby at Washington Court House, O., a year ago last October. Several of the rioters were killed, among them one Smith Welch. The Colonel was indicted for manslaughter and his trial at Circleville, February 1, resulted in his acquittal. Five thousand persons greeted his arrival at Columbus.

A young millionaire, Arthur Duestrow, of Union, Mo., has been found guilty of murder for the killing of his wife and child in St. Louis two years ago. Duestrow inherited his fortune from his father, and was a degenerate specimen of manhood. He had a palatial residence in St. Louis where he committed the crime while under the influence of liquor. His father was a man in humble station who invested his small savings in Granite Mountain stock, and was soon a wealthy man.

## SAVE THE HOUSE WHERE GRANT DIED.

A meeting of the trustees of the Mount McGregor Memorial Association will be held this week, to consider the advisability of starting a fund for the collection of thirty thousand dollars. The interest on this sum will be used to keep the house in which General Grant died in repair. The building is now badly in need of an overhauling. It is proposed to appoint a custodian to receive contributions from the public.

## MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

## LORD LEIGHTON.

The portrait we publish of Sir Frederick Leighton is from a painting by himself. Only a few weeks before his death he was raised to the peerage as a recognition of his services as president of the Royal Academy.

Lord Leighton was born in Scarborough, Yorkshire, in 1830. His parents were well-to-do, and when signs of his future eminence as a painter began to show he was sent to visit Rome and other Italian art centres at the age of eleven. The American sculptor Hiram Powers was one of the leading artists at Florence when in 1845 young Leighton and his father visited there. Showing some of the boy's work to the American, and receiving encouragement from him as to the lad's genius, the elder Leighton at once decided upon the career of the future president of the Academy.

The successful career of Leighton at home did not begin until 1858. In 1864 he was elected associate member and in 1869 to full membership in the Academy. The first picture that brought him into prominence was "Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession through the Streets of Rome," which was exhibited in the Academy in 1855 and was purchased by the Queen. He was elected president of the Academy in 1878, and soon after that time was knighted by the Queen. In 1884 he was made a baronet. He had received honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh, was a member of many foreign societies, and was colonel of the Artists' Volunteer Corps.

He was president of the English Commission for the International Exhibition of Graphic Arts in Vienna in 1883, and of the International Jury of Painting in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. In 1888 he was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors. Among his best-known paintings are: "The Syracusan Woman Leading Wild Beasts to the Temple of Diana," "Helen of Troy," "Dante Going Forth Into Exile," "The Spanish Dancing Girl," "Phryne at Eleusis," "Daedalus and Icarus," "The Summer Moon," "The Music Lesson," "Elijah in the Wilderness," "Atlanta," and "Rizpah." He was also skillful with the chisel and clay, and some of his works of sculpture are greatly admired.

Many months ago these columns had a sketch of the distinguished artist in his studio drawn from life, together with some account of his daily life. As one of the comparatively few great painters of the English-speaking world, the death of Lord Leighton, January 25, will be classed as an irreparable loss on both sides of the Atlantic. Benjamin West went from this country in the early days and became a great painter in England, where he at once made his permanent home. May we not claim a portion of that great debt paid back by the encouragement of our Hiram Powers to the young Leighton at Florence?

## ORIENTAL SCENES.

The Armenian victims of Turkish violence number even the defenseless mother and her little son and daughter. Is there any excuse of diplomacy sufficient to condone, explain or wipe out the naked horror of such cruelty? Comment on the simple illustration given this week is needless.

The three unfortunate refugees from Sassoun also speak for themselves in the simple statement that they fled to Erzeroum when they heard that the looting and massacres were about to be renewed by the fierce Turkish soldiery. The patriarchal and earnest features of even the youths in these two groups must strike even the most casual observer—for these Armenians are by far the most sincere and genuine and truthful of all the Oriental peoples.

The contrast between our methods of doing work and the methods of the Orient is shown in the harvest scene in Passin. To him who loves to read of the old days of the Bille, and who looks with loving tolerance upon the simple methods of even the great leaders of Israel who stored their grain and fed their flocks in the primitive days, this scene in Passin must afford a striking reminder that, even in these days of great human achievement, some of the conditions of primitive life still linger.

The scene in Erzeroum shows another primitive survival. It will be a long time, however, before the camel caravan is obsolete in Erzeroum. It is an alluring dream that the change must come; but Nature in that climate and in those desert regions seems to have set her face against it more sternly than in most unimproved regions.

The "Cry for Vengeance" on the double page this week is a powerful sketch, and will appeal with peculiar force to the great world-heart at this time.

## A ROMAN SCENE.

Twelfth Night, January 6, is the Feast of the Epiphany in the calendar of the Church. It is a feast little observed, however, in this country. In the streets of Rome it is one of the many occasions for jollification, and a popular relaxation that would be quite incomprehensible, except in a distinctively Italian quarter of one of our large cities.

This fast increasing element of our city population have introduced many of their old-country customs, in other directions, for their own use in the land of their adoption. No imitation of this custom has been attempted. When the movement to settle Italians on farms is well under way, we may expect to see more freedom in this regard in the formation of the rural Little Italys.

MR. EDWARD FRENCH O'FERRALL, of the editorial staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*, died on January 11 at his residence, Clyde House, Brixton Hill, London, after a painful illness. Journalism has suffered a serious loss in Mr. O'Ferrall's death. He was one of the ablest, brightest and most trustworthy men connected with the British press and was universally respected. He came of a family of journalists, and at one time was proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, a paper which he conducted with conspicuous ability. When Mr. O'Ferrall went to London and found a larger sphere for his labors, his high talent and devotion to duty won for him distinguished recognition, and no worker for the public in his profession was better appreciated. His keen and bright intellect was of great value to his colleagues, who have lost in

him a genial companion and a kindly friend. Mr. O'Ferrall was well known in Ireland, and his death at this time will sincerely be lamented by very many friends. His funeral took place at Mortlake Catholic Cemetery on January 15 in the presence of the entire staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, including Sir Edward and Lady Lawson, whose wreath bore testimony to the sympathetic interest of the proprietor of the great paper. In noticing the funeral the *Telegraph* observed: "For his bereaved family, of whom alone his son, Dr. O'Ferrall, was able to be present, the utmost sympathy was expressed, and it must be some solace to them to remember that he stood so high in the affectionate regard of those who knew him well, and upon whom his departure falls with the force of a personal sorrow."

## LAST ECHOES.

The Dunraven affair is all over now. The special committee says his charges are unfounded. As his Lordship is an honorary member of the New York Yacht Club, and as there is some disposition on the part of other members to expel him, the "Defender" imbroglio may be succeeded—as a newspaper nuisance—by a controversy as to how far a member may go in making charges without forfeiting the title of gentleman.

While the war of words between the two countries over the yachts has come within measurable distance of the end, the war of controversy over the Monroe Doctrine has been definitely brought to close quarters, by the speech of Lord Salisbury, January 31, in which his Lordship maintains that his letter to Olney recognized the Doctrine as a sound rule of policy—but only in the form in which President Monroe understood it. It cannot be far from this point to an amicable understanding about the disputed Guiana-Venezuela boundary, and the proper way to settle it.

The last echo on the responsibility for Armenian affairs is also given by his Lordship who says that England has only one alternative, either to stand with the Powers or go against them. Unless the Russia-Turkey arrangement, recently reported and credited, means that England will have to "go against" a combine of her great enemy in the Orient and the Sick Man whom she has been protecting against him for nearly a century, all of the Powers ought to find a way to settle the Armenian part of the Turkish Question without further delay.

The last day of January heard also the last echoes of the patchwork bond-free-coinage bill. It was conceded that the Senate was to pass the free-coinage substitute, after which the House will fail to concur—or even if passed as the Senate demands, the President is expected to veto it. The tariff business must come up next.

A GOOD resolution resolutely carried out is a blessing. Neglected, it becomes an injury, and deadens moral sensibility.



SOME PICTURES FROM EUROPE.

# PUBLIC OPINION

## DEMOCRACY TO REFORM ITSELF.

In a recent issue of the *Atlanta Journal* we find under the heading "The Tricky Cry of Reform" a scathing denunciation of the methods of alleged "reformers," and of the motives by which they are impelled. It takes New York's sad experience as its text, and, after a vigorous arraignment of the leaders in the movement there, says: "Now, what has any New York Democrat, who deserted his own party and helped the Republicans to institute such 'reform' as this, gained by his desertion? And what better can be expected of the incongruous combinations that have gained political control in North Carolina, Kentucky and Maryland by the aid or apathy of the Democrats of those States? If any political reformation is needed, accomplish it within your own party, and do not look to Satan to do the work by the use of holy water."

## THE WILES OF RURAL REUBEN.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Union and Advertiser* raises its voice in a vigorous protest against the excise bill which is now before the New York Legislature. It says, in part: "The monstrous feature of the Rainey free liquor bill, which the Republicans are making a party measure, is its provision for robbing the cities of the tax they will pay upon the traffic and giving it over to the rural districts, just as the large cities are now, as they have been for years, compelled to pay for support of the schools in the rural districts. This is an old scheme of pillage of the cities for the benefit of the country. This kind of injustice may be made law, but it cannot last."

## DON'T LIKE OUR SCHOOL HISTORIES.

Here is an interesting expression of opinion from Dr. A. Conan Doyle, with remarks by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, from which we quote: "Conan Doyle says that that 'American hatred,' which the English are all making such an effort to explain just now, arises from the excessive study of United States history in our schools. He says that the little school histories are all wrong, and that they inculcate a quite erroneous idea of England. To be sure, Why not ask Dr. Doyle and Henry M. Stanley, M.P., to collaborate in the production of a text-book for use in the public schools of the United States, in which the true relation of the Lion and the Eagle shall be set forth?"

## TRUTH NOT IN PULLING DOWN.

"Religion and Liberty Correlative" is the title of an article in the *Chicago Standard* (Baptist), by Professor Harry Pratt Judson, the spirit of which is well expressed in the concluding paragraph. He says: "In the interpretation of religion to modern understanding liberty is quite as much in evidence as it is in political development. It is too late in the world's progress to keep men from questioning and thinking—one might as well try to 'dam the Nile with bulrushes.' But unless this liberty of thought is in the spirit of religion it will be in its results as anarchic as in the State. Let us by all means have free thought, free speech, free action. But we must in time learn the lesson that all these forms of freedom must be under a profound sense of responsibility. If I have found what I believe to be truth, I should be a mere coward to disavow it. But after all it is construction rather than destruction which is the aim of the truth-seeker. And he who is content merely with pulling down is an intellectual anarchist."

## LET THE COMMISSION WORK IN PEACE.

The Nashville *American* indulges in some mild criticism of Senator Wolcott's opposition to the President's message on the Venezuela boundary question. It says: "Senator Wolcott's opposition to the President's Monroe Doctrine message does not tend to a settlement of the troubles causing the message. He appears in the role of an objector and proposes no remedy. At the same time the criticism he makes of the evident intention on the part of some to keep these foreign complications to the front though a commission has been appointed to report upon them, has much force. His objection is that we propose a mode of settlement but want to quarrel while the terms are being arranged."

## COLLEGE PAPERS AND GOOLD BROWN.

*Town Topics* thinks that college papers are published "in order to prove that the students ought to be instructed in English grammar instead of Latin and Greek." A perusal of the average college paper will go far toward corroborating this opinion.

## HYSTERIA IN RELIGION.

A writer in the *Minneapolis Times* deals with the emotional religion of to-day under the heading, "Dangers of Revivalism." He deals with his subject in no gentle manner and administers some stinging blows to the system of making converts by reducing the subject to a state of helpless emotional intoxication. Referring to the effect of the excitement of a revival, he says: "Upon this popular tide of religious passion hundreds are swept into the church. But the evangelical feat is accomplished without their own volition and without the anchor of reason. In due course of time the ebbing tide of feeling sweeps many of the rescued back to the open sea. The law of extremes makes it necessary for them to undergo a violent reaction before outraged nature can recover her equilibrium. Well for them if they do not sink in the process." He condemns the meetings which, he says, so often develop into a rendezvous for emotional indulgence. "It is," he continues, "a morbid, unwholesome, unnatural indul-

gence, and nature punishes excess of feeling as she punishes every other excess. . . . The true religious spirit controls feeling and overrides emotion as a stanch and goody vessel overrides the waves. Piloted by unflinching principle at the helm of will, it never veers in its appointed course toward the unfailing pole-star of right."

## DISEASE IN FACT AND FICTION.

Dr. Caroline W. Latimer, in the January issue of the *New Science Review*, says much that is interesting about "The Treatment of Medicine in Fiction," and enters a protest against "the vague, false and impossible statements that are scattered broadcast by almost every novelist." She divides the novels in which medical subjects, diseases and death are discussed into four classes—those that are entirely correct, those which treat the subject with flippancy and jest, those in which distinctly false statements are made and itemized, and those in which the author, conscious of his own ignorance of the subject, takes refuge behind vague stations. She is very severe in her condemnation of offenders in this direction and frequently rises to a tremendous pitch of denunciatory indignation at their deplorable ignorance. She has much to say of George Eliot, whom she evidently admires, and who, she says, is one of the few who can be included in the first class. Although she has much to deplore in the novels of the present and the past, she is evidently hopeful for the future, for she says, in conclusion: "The new generation, to whom the beginning of the century belongs, will have great opportunity to improve upon the old. Let us hope that the new era will bring with it a marked improvement in fiction, first in the avoidance of medical subjects altogether as *themes* for novels; and secondly, in the treatment of those subjects, when they are incident to the events of the story, with good taste, careful consideration and accuracy."

## FOOL LEGISLATION AND THE SCHOOLBOY.

The small schoolboy and the ever-increasing weight of woe he has to bear in added studies and courses of instruction, year after year, is coming in for a deal of notice at the present moment in consequence of the

perilous statesmen to be unfriendly to American commerce. It is to be regretted that a man so capable, both in temperament and acquirements, should be removed before the amicable arrangements with the Empire were brought forward for the mutual benefit of both countries.

Theodore Runyon was born in Somerville, N. J., October 25, 1822. He was of French-Huguenot extraction. His family were among the first settlers of Middlesex County, New Jersey. One of the saddest days of his life was the defeat at Bull Run, where he was Major-General in command of ten thousand men. Shortly after, the term of his enlistment having expired, he returned to civil life and began the practice of law at Newark. He was elected Mayor in 1863 and served until 1865. He was defeated in the race for Governor of New Jersey shortly afterward by Marcus L. Ward. He was subsequently appointed Chancellor of the State, retaining that office until 1887. He then resumed his law practice, remaining in private life until appointed Minister to Germany in 1893. The same year he was raised to the rank of Ambassador. It is said that in 1885 the appointment of Minister to Italy was offered to him, but that he refused it, being unwilling to leave the country during the lifetime of his aged father. Three times Judge Runyon received the degree of LL.D.—from Wesleyan University, Rutgers College and Yale University.



## STRAY NOTES.

An honor that is seldom achieved by an American novel is that which has fallen to the lot of "Ben Hur." This work has been translated into Arabic. It was the last work of the Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, a well-known American missionary to Syria.

It is reported that the house in London where Dickens wrote most of his works is to be repaired, having been allowed to fall into decay. It is feared that the work of repairing will obliterate all the marks that make the place interesting to the lover of the great novelist.

## "THE GODS GIVE MY DONKEY WINGS."

The eccentric title chosen by Mr. Angus Evan Abbott for his deliberately eccentric story is a passing exclamation uttered by a traveling packman of unknown race, who visits, at no particular period of the world's history, a nameless village which appears to be situated nowhere. Here his curiosity is excited by certain strange doings, obviously of a tremendously exciting character, of which, from his ignorance of the language, he cannot make head or tail. What he and the reader come at last to learn is that the handsome young sculptor of the local idols has been refused a license to marry the girl whom he loves, and that he has in consequence carried off the official breeches of the Fathers of the Commune, refusing to restore them except on his own terms. The story of how the lovers, by a very simple stratagem, outwit the wealth, bodily strength, numbers and authority of the village in combination against them, gives Mr. Abbott, through the packman, his requisite opportunities for mild satire on the lines of Professor Teufelsdroeckh; also for reflections, in a vein of sham hemispherical, on genius, religion, woman, popularity, and things in general as they occur. It also enables him to indulge a certain picturesque fancy which is very much superior to his satire. The volume is fairly amusing on the whole, though it is at least twice as long as a fantastic sketch of twice the merit would have any right to be. The style is rather tediously affected; but no doubt an amount of affectation is rendered necessary by the subject, though the form might well have been happier.

## IS THE DAWN AT HAND?

Edgar Fawcett, writing in the *Independent* under the heading "The Twilight of American Novelists," enters a vigorous protest against the indifference, almost neglect, with which the American novelist is treated to-day. He devotes a great deal of space in his article—more, I think, than is consistent, considering the title—to a review of the English fiction writers of the last quarter-century. As a mere introduction to the subject matter of his paper it is rather disproportionate. What he eventually says about American fiction will compensate for the length of time it takes to reach it. He says in part:

"Till recently all American fiction had languished. With Mr. James and Mr. Howells both writing copiously for the *Atlantic Monthly*, it seemed to have taken a new and long lease of life. 'Howells and James' was a phrase for several years at the nib of every reviewer's pen. Beyond doubt these two story-tellers gave a creative impetus to many others. The American novel became once more a thinkable fact. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Boyesen, Mr. Cable, 'J. S. of Dale,' Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, 'Miss' Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Robert Grant, Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler, and not a few others, made rapid reputations as tellers of tales. With nearly all of these American writers vulgarism and mere idle wire-pulling of plot were conspicuously absent. Nearly all wrote with finish and care and honest idealistic impulse, that justified their success."

"Ten years ago, America presented for the criticism of the civilized world an astonishing group of novelists. In critical gatherings English novels were seldom discussed. Cultivated people rarely either extolled or abused them; they simply ceased to extend them more than meager heed. And now what a wave of change has swept over our public mind! In a leading newspaper I read something the other day about the deadly stupidity of the American novel." It seems to be the fashion to say this and write this whether one really

THE LATE AMBASSADOR THEODORE RUNYON.

ridiculous new law in this State requiring instruction on the pernicious influences and generally evil effects of tobacco and alcoholic drinks. On this timely subject *Town Topics* expresses its opinion in characteristic style. It says:

"I pity the poor little schoolboy and schoolgirl creeping unwillingly to school. Often enough he and she wear spectacles and have painfully thin legs and elongated appearance and a look of deep and permanent sorrow. Poor little devils. The multiplication table and the rule of three, and alligation and foreign exchange, and history and grammar, and God knows how many studies more, were not thought to give them enough to do; and so the gigantic intellects of the last Legislature decreed that the hapless children should be made to study the hygiene or unhygiene effects of alcohol and narcotics—a subject in regard to which there are as many expert opinions as there are fools in an average Legislature. There are horrible examples enough in every street of the evil effects of the excessive use or misuse of alcohol and narcotics; and if children do not learn by example they are not likely to learn by precept. The good work, however, will go on. Within the next twenty-five years Wagnerian opera, manicurism, vegetarianism, spiritualism, paraffine photography, viticulture, Sanskrit and the use of the banjo will be added to the course of study in the public schools. But I dare say that the Constitution of the State will have been changed by that time and that only actual inmates of idiot asylums will be eligible for election to the Legislature."

THE LATE AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

The news of the death of Ambassador Runyon at Berlin, January 27, after a brief illness, was received with many expressions of regret among old associates and public men generally in this country. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-three, and was a safe, conservative and conscientious representative of the United States in Germany at a time when the duties of the position were severe and trying, on account of the apparent disposition of the Emperor and certain im-

thinks it or no. Every new month some new English writer dawns with the splendor of an immense popularity upon our firmament of fiction. All the vivid, strenuous, thoughtful poetic work of our native novelists has passed into oblivious disregard, for the work of the younger English school of story-tellers has caught the American ear.

"A troop of men and women who are, for the most part, imitators of Robert Louis Stevenson, usurp attention and comment. It would be foolish to deny that merit exists amid this flood of rather hectic and flamboyant literature. But in it, I should say, are few signs of permanency. The stories are mostly written with an aim of mere passing amusement; some of them are literature, but few are good literature. Cleverness in plenty they may contain, but seldom either subtlety, meditation or depth. They often have the air of being dashed off at white heat; and the impressions which they make, whether historic or contemporaneous, are in few cases lasting. Their style is mainly one of staccato pertness; at their best they are apt to be etched rather than painted. They have plenty of 'color' and 'go'; sometimes they bristle with bayonets and rattle with gunshots. A great deal is 'done' in them; the action is prodigious. But too frequently their good people and their bad people are the merest shadows. Epigram is substituted for analysis, and a dread of fatiguing the reader by giving him anything ready to think about is so prevalent that it suggests the very drolley of commercialism.

"Meanwhile the poor American novelist can only bow his head and accept his destiny. If he has gone out of fashion, he should console himself with the reflection that fashion, is, after all, but another word for caprice; and he should recollect, too, that thus far in the entire esthetic history of nations, his own American country people (as regards loyalty to their writers of books, painters of pictures, and even molderers of statues) are the most hot-and-cold, fast-and-loose, whimsical, freakish, and generally unpatriotic ever yet known. Just now it is surely the twilight of our American novelists. Will night follow, or another morning? I, for one, very firmly believe the last."

#### ALEXANDER McMILLAN DEAD.

Alexander McMillan, who with his brother Daniel founded the publishing house of McMillan & Co., about fifty years ago, died recently at his country house near Hoslemere, in Surrey. He had not been actively engaged in business for about ten years before his death, owing to ill health.

Mr. McMillan was born in 1815, at Upper Carrie in the Isle of Arran, near the West Highlands of Scotland. He and his brother went to London while they were young men and opened a book store. This modest venture proved successful, and the little shop eventually developed into the present immense establishment. Daniel died in 1857. Several years ago his correspondence with the great men of the literary world was published, making a volume of unusual interest.

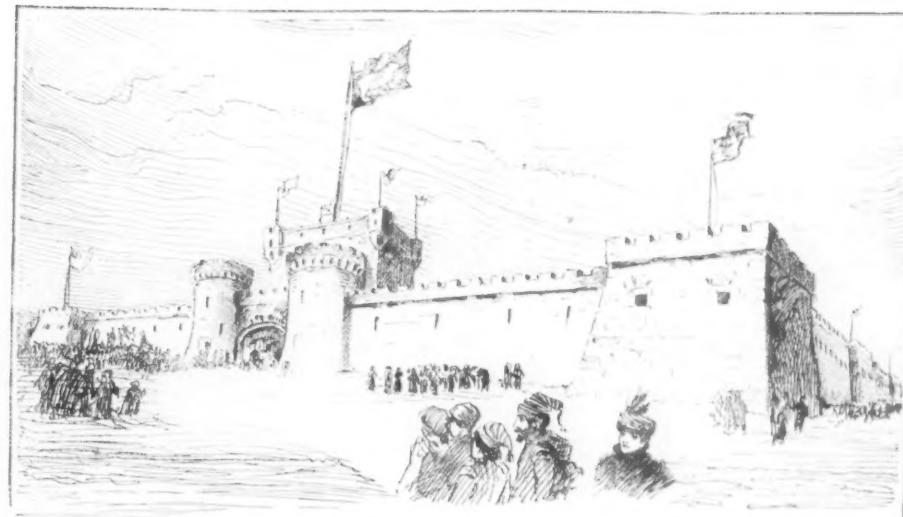


#### "THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY."

It is a pity to see a good man go astray, and it must be confessed that Mr. William H. Crane in his latest venture, "The Governor of Kentucky," has gone sadly astray. Mr. Crane has been for years in the foremost rank of our native comedians. His popularity is unquestioned, his skill beyond peradventure, and none will deny that his many successes have been well deserved. He is one of those rare mortals who need not woo the comic muse—she is his without the asking. But, like many another good comedian, the laughter he inspired in others began to pall upon himself, and in an evil moment he hearkened to the temptation to step from his legitimate field to poach upon his neighbors' preserves. But it was a misstep—it was leaving the fair mountain to batten on the moor, for Governor Lee is poor material for Mr. Crane to waste his talents on. The character is colorless and conventional—it is unworthy of him.

"The Governor of Kentucky," by Franklin Fyles, is melodrama, pure and simple—very good melodrama, it must be admitted—but still melodrama. A scheming politician is endeavoring to secure the Governor's signature to a corrupt bill, the "consideration" being the Governor's election to the United States Senate. This failing, an offer is made of twenty-five thousand dollars, to be paid to his secretary's daughter, for whom, as the villain suspects, the Governor entertains more than a friendly regard, although as yet he does not realize the fact. The Governor refuses, but the old secretary, tempted by the opportunity to secure the money for his child, attempts to forge the signature. He swoons as he is about to sign and the convenient villain promptly affixes the signature. The money is paid to the secretary, and within a half-hour he is attacked and robbed of it. He believes himself guilty of the forgery, confesses and is arrested. Of course the mystery is cleared up in the end and the villain shown to be guilty not only of the forgery but of the assault and robbery, too. A pretty love story is interwoven with this tale of crime and intrigue. The secretary's daughter is in love with the Governor and he with her, although, with middle-aged obtuseness, he does not fully realize the fact until she tells him just before the final curtain. There are several subsidiary love affairs, but they are too trifling and weak to warrant special notice.

On the whole, the play is not bad: it is far superior to the plays of the same class that certain New York managers have been so industriously importing from England during recent years, and therefore has a double claim on the patronage of patriotic Americans. The first act is rather weak; in the second there is a



THE ST. PAUL ICE CARNIVAL.

The Ice Carnival in St. Paul is at its height as we go to press, and the people of that city and her twin sister, Minneapolis, are deep in the revels which mark the recurrence of this annual event. The great pyrotechnic display, the "Storming of Fort Karnival," the night of Friday, January 24, was one of the grandest spectacles the city has ever witnessed. There were fully fifteen thousand people inside the walls of the fort when the mimic bombardment was commenced, and fully as many more congregated without. The only fault to be found was that the inclosure was hardly large enough to accommodate the people. The space, six hundred by three hundred feet, was packed close with an enthusiastic crowd. The spectacle presented when the display was commenced was beautiful beyond description. There were no speeches to dampen the enthusiasm of the spectators and it was after eleven o'clock before the exhibition was over. One of the striking features of the event was the procession of clubs that preceded the assault. As it filed through the streets

escorting the Fire King it was cheered by crowds of spectators.

The next day the scene was unusually lively, owing to the programme of athletic events. Curling, skating and hockey were the features of the day, followed by a children's masquerade. A ghost dance by the Indians was another novel event. Monday was Children's Night, signalized by a display of fireworks almost as elaborate as that of the preceding Friday. A petition has been widely circulated requesting the business men of St. Paul to close their stores and offices on Friday, "St. Paul Day," and the movement is meeting with general approval.

The Carnival this year has been remarkably successful in every detail. The preparations were most thorough, the weather most favorable and the conduct of the affair throughout has been marked by no single mishap. We regret that the crowded condition of our columns this week prevents us from giving this event the amount of space it deserves.

#### "IZEYL."

Bernhardt, the only, the incomparable Bernhardt, is with us again after an absence of five years. She has changed some in appearance—she is fuller, plumper of figure than of old—but she has not aged a whit. Indeed, there are those who declare that the divine Sarah looks younger to-day than she did fifteen years ago when she appeared for the first time in this country as Adrienne Lecourteur, at Booth's Theatre. Like Rider Haggard's "She," she seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. But, be that as it may, her art is as subtle, as fascinating as ever, her voice has lost none of its witchery and not even the dignity of grandmootherhood has detracted from the sinuous grace of her movements. She is the same Bernhardt with all her charms augmented and intensified.

The play in which she elected to open her American tour at Abbey's Theatre last week, was "Izeyl," a poetic conception by Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand. The scene is laid in India about six centuries before Christ, the basis of the play being an old Hindoo legend. Izeyl is a courtesan of wondrous beauty and charm who loves the Prince Siddartha, in whom, it is supposed, can be seen the prophet, the Hindoo Messiah, Buddha. But Siddartha has other thoughts to occupy him, and hies him to the desert to fast and pray and live the life of a recluse. Thither also goes Izeyl, bent upon seducing him from his holy work. She tempts him, she brings all her arts, all her blandishments to bear on him, but to no purpose. He rejects her gently, but firmly, and in the end it is Izeyl who is won, and, casting aside the pomp and pleasure of her past life, accepts his creed. In the third act Scyndia, who has succeeded to the throne abdicated by his brother, Siddartha, forces his way to the palace of Izeyl, and tries to win her by force. She seizes a dagger from his belt and kills him. In the fourth act she is seen blinded and condemned to a lingering death for the killing of the prince. But her last moments are solaced by the presence of Siddartha, in whose arms she dies, and whose love she succeeds in winning at the last moment.

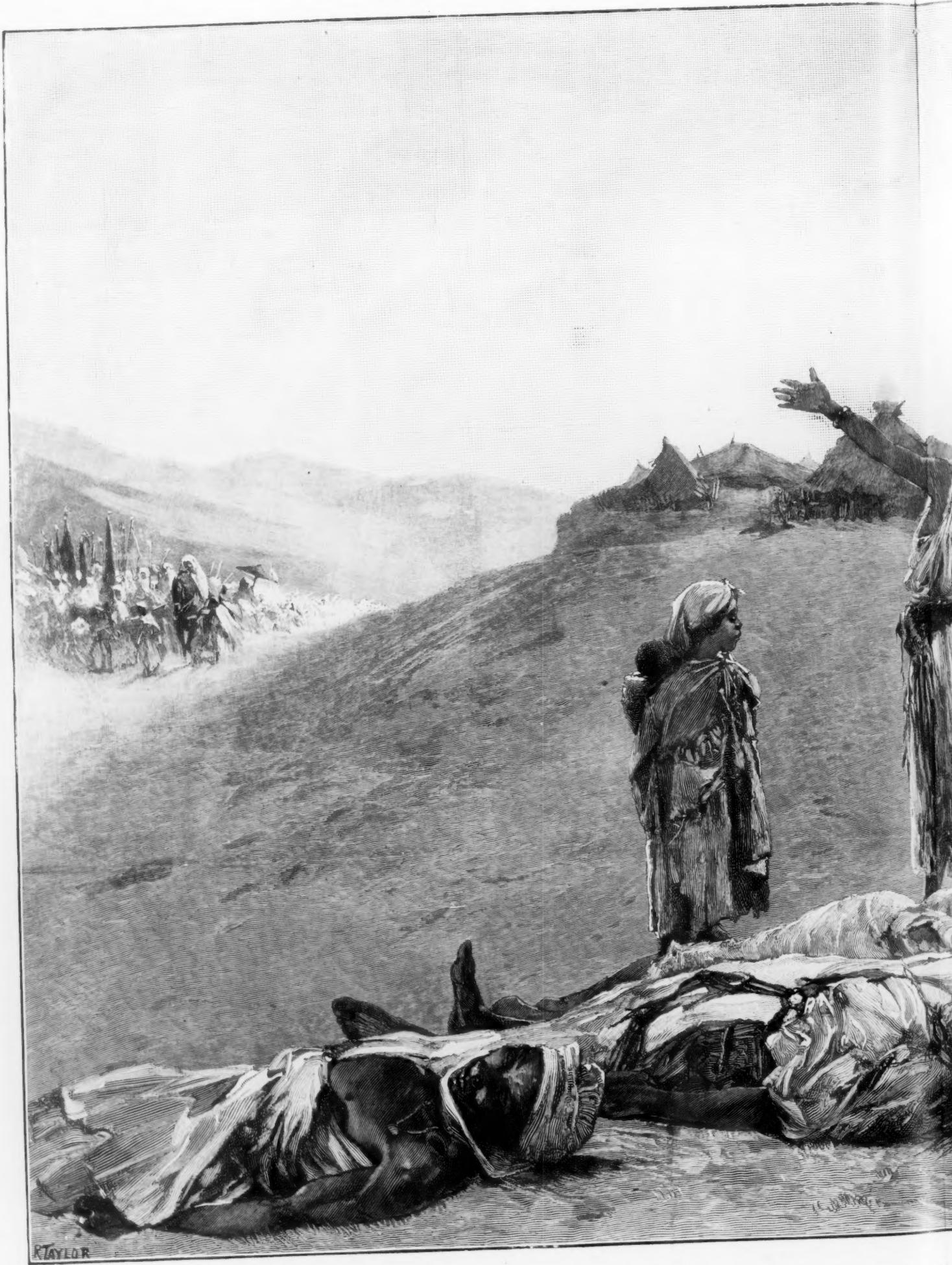
Madame Bernhardt played the part of the courtesan with remarkable power and vividness. She had little to do in the first act, and that and the second were marked by little action. The killing of the prince in the third act was thrilling and magnificently effective. The supporting company was not remarkable, and, except M. Darmont as Siddartha, and Madame Patry, not worthy of special mention.

#### J. H. STODDART'S ANNIVERSARY.

Last Thursday evening J. H. Stoddart, "the grand old man" of the stage, celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his first appearance on the stage. The occasion was noticed in an especial manner at the Academy of Music where Mr. Stoddart is playing the part of the old trainer in "The Sporting Duchess." It was known as "Stoddart Night," and many of the old actor's friends assembled to felicitate him on the event.

Mr. Stoddart is a native of England, having been born in Yorkshire in 1826. He came to America in 1852 and secured an engagement with J. W. Wallack. He was subsequently with Laura Keene, with Boucicault at the Winter Garden, at the Olympic, where he made his great hit as Moneypenny, in "The Long Strike," and with A. M. Palmer, at the Union Square, Madison Square and Palmer's Theatres. He was with Mr. Palmer from 1874 until this year.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.



A CRY FOR V



FOR VENGEANCE.

## THE MIDDLEMAN AND THE JOINT STOCK LABOR UNION.

THOSE thinkers who have not yet arrived at the belief that the ultimate development of the labor union is to be the joint stock feature, will do well to consider the subject in view of current events.

It will be observed that a point has been reached where the strongest unions have shown their power to be almost equivalent to that of capital.

The conflicts between the Board of Delegates of the Building Trades and the building contractors of New York City have practically resulted in a draw on several occasions within the past two years. The same can be said in connection with the struggles between the Brotherhood Tailors and the contractors in the clothing industry.

Among the larger bodies of organized workingmen in the metropolis these two great combinations of labor may be easily classed as the most powerful.

They have demonstrated by a series of stubborn contests that their obstinacy, if not their strength, was a thing to be calculated against by the opposing force of capital. This great admission having been secured by labor, the question upon what lines further development shall proceed becomes a most pertinent and important one.

It has been amply demonstrated that when a body of workingmen will battle unitedly for a just point they can win it, provided that general circumstances will permit of its adoption. The power of the union having been established, its utilization in conformity with modern ideas becomes a natural sequence. The use of such power for humiliating or browbeating capital would be quickly resented by the same public opinion which has made the existence of such power possible. Neither would there be any advantage gained by it which in the long run would not serve to defeat its own purposes and act as a boomerang to labor. It becomes obvious, then, that higher tactics must take the place of openly combative measures, and that the onward path of labor lies in securing the full advantage to be derived from its improved moral position.

The greatest and most persistent enemy which the toiler has thus far been compelled to combat is the middleman or contractor, a person who relies entirely upon his ability to get work done at a lower rate than the average figure to swell the profits of his speculative enterprise. The contractor, in very fact, is a parasite whose profits must be drawn from the life-blood of labor. His main object in life must necessarily be the breaking down of prices for whatever work he requires performed. Nine-tenths of the strikes which occur in the clothing or building trades are due to differences between the contractors and their help, and the worst form of sweating and tyranny that has ever existed under the American flag owed its existence to this nefarious system. The large and prosperous merchant, while unwilling to employ people at what he knows to be inadequate wages, loses his responsibility in the matter when he leaves to his contractors the adjustment of conditions and prices.

During the derrickmen's strike in New York last fall the obstinacy of the contractors in refusing to accede to the demands of their employees led to a crisis which threatened to involve the entire building industry. The condition was so serious that the master builders threatened to wipe the contractors out altogether if they did not come to a settlement with their men. The difficulty of adjusting differences between manufacturers and their operatives would be incomparably lessened if there was no intermediate party to be considered. In fact the existence of the contractor is by no means necessary to the conduct of business, since, even in such intricate work as that of the electrician, necessitating a high grade of skill, the workingmen themselves must be as well acquainted with the plans and details as the contractor employing them, and there are always a number of men in the Electrical Worker's Union capable of estimating on any work to be undertaken.

We dwelt at some length in these columns, last week, on the probable establishment of a joint stock labor union by the United Garment Workers. Such a step will at once open up a means of developing the power of concentrated labor in a legitimate and business-like direction. It will, of course, lead to the ultimate obliteration of the middlemen, and the absorption of the profits, which they have enjoyed, by the workers themselves. It will also lead to the transacting of business directly between the garment worker's unions and the great distributing concerns which supply the retail trade. It will leave no room for secret dickering over prices, for extortion by foremen employed to wring the utmost from dependent and helpless individuals, or for any of the misunderstandings between the two really interested parties which have led in the past to terrible sufferings on the part of operators and to the demoralization of business by which millions have been lost to those financially interested in this important industry.

If such obvious advantages can be secured by the application of business principles to the conduct of the affairs of the garment workers, why should not the same benefits be secured by other trades?

The building trades afford, for more than one reason, a scope for the adoption of the joint-stock principle by their labor unions.

In the first place, higher wages are paid to the workers than in any other lines of manual employment, and the question of subscribing the necessary amount of stock would not raise the difficulties which it would in some trades.

In addition to this, the Board of Delegates has developed a power of cohesiveness between the affiliated unions under its control which has thoroughly educated the rank and file of the organizations on the question of discipline. The tactics by which the Board has successfully fought large aggregations of capital have aroused in the minds of these mechanics a spirit of independence and enterprise, which can be easily led in the direction of business.

The greatest possible evil is wrought by a certain class of contractors in the building trade who have nei-

ther reputations nor capital to lose in their work, and who are commonly known as "jerry" builders. The amount of doubtful work carried out by these scandalous wretches every year, to the endangerment of human life, has been amply shown up in the public press. The buildings put up by them are mostly intended for the occupancy of the poorer classes, who, in the shape of excessive rent, and through defective sanitary arrangements, have to suffer all the evil consequences of the Buddensieck system. It is also a notorious fact that these contractors utilize the worst class of unskilled and non-union labor, in order to get the work done at the lowest price.

Incompetent men are consequently employed while legitimate mechanics walk the streets in search of jobs, thus impoverishing their unions and weakening the spirit of organization.

A joint stock labor union of the building trades would, under the conditions of its charter, be empowered to act as a building and loan association, and could use its capital for the purpose of utilizing any surplus of its labor in the construction of homes, built by union workmen for themselves. In this way both the profits of the speculative builder and the usurious landlord could be absorbed by the joint stock labor union, which should speedily become wealthy owing to such a thorough utilization of all its resources.

The contrast between such a system as the one proposed by us for the administration of the building trades would be so incomparably superior to the present methods that the wonder would be why it was not sooner adopted. Scarcely a month passes but we read of disputes which lead to the stopping of work on a number of large buildings in course of construction. The men lose several days or weeks, as the case may be, and the builder and his customer are, proportionately, sufferers from the delay. The State Board of Arbitration, a singularly worthy but peculiarly useless institution brings its influence to bear upon both parties in the hope of making a settlement, but has no authority to enforce any demands made by it, and therefore is ignored by both. The Board of Mediation and Arbitration is another institution designed to help keep the elements in this patchwork system from entirely destroying one another, and Bishop Potter, as its president, succeeds at times in bringing the contending parties to a basis of settlement after they are thoroughly tired of struggling with one another.

The whole system as it exists at present is, however, unbusiness-like and even provocative of continual internal discord between the unions themselves. As an instance of this fact the Brotherhood of Carpenters, which is one of the largest unions of the building trades, has recently severed its affiliation with the Board of Delegates owing to the expense of sympathetic strikes. The Board is in consequence waging the most bitter war against the carpenters in order to discipline them back into the fold. Members of the other building trades refuse to work with Brotherhood men, and claim that they are non-union until they return to their offensive and defensive alliance with the other trades in the Board.

All this would be changed by a Board of Directors in charge of a joint stock labor union. They would conduct a business for the sale of labor at its market price, precisely the same as a mercantile corporation would sell the material required for the building. Sentiment would not enter into the arrangements made between builder and union any more than it does to-day between the proprietor of a stone quarry and a builder. The contract or purchase would be made upon strictly business lines and the price would be a matter of demand and supply in the various lines, with the difference that labor would no longer be a competitor against itself. The question of doing away with contractors in the various trades would be easily solved by putting skilled foremen in charge of the workmen. The joint stock labor union could guarantee the skill of the men supplied by it, and the absolute keeping of the contract entered into by it to supply competent labor. The builder would then be able to figure exactly the cost of the work, as he now does the cost of the material, and could dispense with the services of the contractor altogether. His own profits would also be more certain and his business relieved of half the present undesirable conditions which spring from the present loose and methodless system.

The directors of the joint stock labor union would regulate the price as far as possible, and treat the question of supply from an economical standpoint. Possessing funds and charter to enter into enterprises on its own account the joint stock labor union would not be exclusively dependent on capital for the employment of its commodity, and even were such the case could manipulate its supply as do other trusts and corporate bodies for the purpose of securing bigger prices.

It is estimated that there are fully twenty-five thousand men in the building trade unions of New York City, and the subscription of capital to form a joint stock union should be an easy matter, if once determined upon. As far as leaders are concerned there are hundreds of men in the movement capable of taking hold of this excellent plan and making a huge success of it. Nothing better could be done by those who have the welfare of labor at heart than to urge immediate action in this direction by the Board of Delegates and its affiliated unions.

HERBERT E. CLAMP.

### SORRY, BUT CANNOT BE HELPED.

An esteemed correspondent sent us the following: "The English are asking why we Americans hate them," said an American who passes several months each year abroad and has just come from London. Many reasons have already been given in the papers, among them several of a historical character, dating from the cause of the Revolutionary War down to the present time; but one reason has so far been omitted. That is, that the English as a people have very little respect for Americans, and it is only natural that, feeling this, we as a people should resent it. They show their lack of respect for us in a thousand ways, by criticizing us severely when they return from a visit here, by caricaturing our customs, our manners and our speech, and by assuming toward us fine airs of superiority, treating us, in other words, as provincials.

Then, too, the English residents in this country are partly responsible for our feeling of dislike for their nation. They rarely succeed in absolutely assimilating with us. How seldom, for example, we hear of Englishmen becoming naturalized! In their attitude toward us they are exactly like their visiting countrymen, and they are constantly making enemies by their disparaging remarks about our ways of living and by their ingratitude for the advantages which they receive from their residence here.

"I have quoted these remarks because they seem to express the opinion of a great many Americans at the present moment. There is some truth in them in an exaggerated form. Many Englishmen who come here for a visit and many who come to stay do assume a supercilious tone toward us; on the other hand there are a few, like Dr. Conan Doyle, who see our good points and treat us fairly. Dr. Doyle has recently proposed the formation of an Anglo-American society in London for the purpose of creating a better sentiment between the English and Americans and removing our mutual misunderstanding. This is certainly an open-minded and an altogether excellent suggestion. If carried out, it would doubtless do much to remove the feeling of hostility in this country which the gentleman I have quoted so forcibly expressed."

The WEEKLY prefers to let these passing feelings work themselves out. To complain that Englishmen have little or no respect for Americans is to put us in an attitude not at all worthy of ourselves. If such is the fact—why, so much the worse for the Englishmen. If we hate Englishmen of course we must have some just reason for our hatred. But *hate* is a strong word. Perhaps the whole difficulty lies in a mutual holding of each other at arms-length, resulting from our lack of mutual acquaintance. Naturally, too, and without reference to Revolutionary days or other alleged causes, English ways are not our ways. There is no national sympathy between us—rather a natural national antipathy. We must let it wear off.

### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

To the Editor:

In a recent lecture, President Eliot of Harvard called attention to some vital defects in our system of public education. It seems that 95 per cent of the American people go no further in their education than the primary schools. In other words, the only systematic training which their minds receive comes from the primary department. According to President Eliot, this training is of a wholly mechanical sort, teaching them little more than to read and cipher, instead of giving them, as it might do, a groundwork of knowledge that would train their powers of observation and interest them in the rudiments of science and language, which, in other words, would inspire them with a taste for study that might later be developed by their own efforts. The importance of this criticism will at once be seen, for it strikes at the very foundation of our educational system. When we consider that the strength of a republic depends upon the intelligence of its citizens, how essential it appears that the ninety-five per cent of the American people should receive in the primary schools the very best training that can be given them. President Eliot's address ought to be printed and distributed over the whole country. It is one of the most important utterances made on the subject of education in recent years.

CIVIS.

On the whole, the common schools are rapidly improving all over the country. Nowhere is the improvement more marked than in the primary department. President Eliot's address has met with hearty response from practical teachers everywhere, who are doing the work spoken of, by making the primary schools more thorough and comprehensive. The address has borne good fruit, as all such efforts do, only by the co-operation of actual school workers.

### WILL NEED THE BLUE PENCIL, THOUGH.

To the Editor:

I wonder if many Americans realize how fast we have been making history lately. We are now passing through what is sure to become one of the most vital periods in our national development. The newspaper reporters to-day are furnishing information from which the national historians of the future will draw important material.

ADMIREK.

### STANDS BY GROVER.

To the Editor:

It is painful to consider how little Mr. Cleveland's splendid record as a statesman has counted with those who are hostile to his policy in the Venezuelan controversy. Many of these have not hesitated to accuse him of being moved by the most contemptible motives in acting as he has done. In the face of criticism and reproach, however, he has maintained a dignified silence and has stood firm as a rock. When the violence of the partisans on both sides is over and the question is finally settled, Mr. Cleveland's courage will doubtless receive due recognition.

WORLD'S MARKET.

At the Christian Endeavor meeting in Boston recently a San Francisco clergymen, Rev. Dr. Dillie, said, in the course of his reply to an address of welcome by the Boston people: "We are here from every land where the language of Shakespeare and Milton is spoken—for our imperial unconquerable race is one, on both sides of the St. Lawrence, both sides of the Atlantic, and in Australasia, that Greater Britain beneath the Southern Cross. See yonder host hailing from the Dominion—an empire that has an area forty times that of the British Isles, seventeen times that of the empire of Prussia, and twelve times that of the republic of France: a land that has rivers and lakes still unknown to song, and valleys untrodden by the foot of civilization, which will yet resound to the tread of a population as vast as that of Europe."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with non-fatal sickness. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, cures the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER.

THE treaty of 1846 and again that of 1873 fixed the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary from the Lake of the Woods to Vancouver Island, a distance of about two thousand miles. It was unfortunate to us for strategical reasons that the line did not continue on this parallel to the coast, and thereby given us a portion of Vancouver Island; but to this Great Britain would not consent.

Following the line east from the Lake of the Woods you will travel for one hundred and twenty miles to a point on Lake Superior, then through the Lakes and down the St. Lawrence to a point cut by the forty-fifth parallel, then along that parallel to the Connecticut River, then along the highlands to the head of the Penobscot, then upon the line established in 1842 to a point on the St. John near the forty-seventh parallel; from this point the line follows the eastern boundary of New Brunswick to the head of the St. Croix and by that river to the Bay of Fundy.

From the east to the west along this line and to the north of it are four great districts, differing widely in physical features, climate, soil, natural resources, commercial and social relations. In the Dominion of Canada, including as it does all the British possessions in North America except Newfoundland, these districts are: the British Lower Provinces, which comprise New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; the Canadas; Manitoba, representing the great interior portion; and the Province of British Columbia. The Lower Provinces, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are compliments of the New England States, separated as they are from the Canadas by Maine, which extends one hundred miles to the north of Quebec, and by an elevated and inhospitable country. They are within twenty-four hours by water from the Massachusetts coast, to which products can be brought at one-third the cost of an equal distance by rail. They receive breadstuffs from the New England States at one-half the cost from Montreal.

The western boundary of the Canadas, the second district, is high, barren tablelands filled with mountains and lakes. Between the Canadas and the great interior portion there are no commercial or social relations; their connecting link is naturally south of Lake Superior, a shorter route with more genial climate, and along which are rich iron and copper deposits.

The Canadas, isolated from the Lower Provinces and from Manitoba, are geographically and commercially as much parts of the United States as are New Hampshire, Vermont and New York; as much as are Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, from which they are separated only by water. Ontario extends southward to a latitude nearly that of New York City. If intercourse were free the United States would be the market for Canada. From Toronto to New York is four hundred and fifty miles, while from Toronto to Halifax is eleven hundred and ninety-one miles. As a matter of fact, the trade, though small, between Canada and the Lower Provinces passes through Boston, New York and Portland, since water transportation via the Erie and Richelieu Canals is one-third the cost by rail. For the Manitoba district, St. Paul and Minneapolis are the natural markets, as much so as for the Dakotas.

Of British Columbia, numbering but one hundred thousand souls, the social and commercial relations are wholly with our Northwest; and San Francisco, which bears to the Pacific the same relation that New York does to the Atlantic, is the natural market for the Province. The entire Dominion, confederated in 1867, numbers but about five millions—the same as the New England States.

The connecting links of this country are the Inter-colonial Railway, running from St. John and Halifax to Quebec; the Grand Trunk to Montreal, and the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver. The two great lines, the first and third, are Governmental roads, having received vast grants, the Canadian Pacific alone to the estimated amount of two hundred and fifty million dollars. From Halifax to Montreal is eight hundred and sixty miles, and the Canadian Pacific main line is two thousand nine hundred and six miles long. Both roads were largely built for military and political reasons; it was announced in the House of Lords that they were necessary in case of war on the other side of the Atlantic. In 1862, Sir Bulwer Lytton advocated them for "imperial interests, commercial and military."

Montreal is fourteen days from Yokohama, the line of steamers from the Pacific being subsidized by the Imperial and Dominion Governments.

It is generally conceded that we do not desire to annex Canada, though it is asserted by good authority that had she been a part of this country she would have increased in population and grown in riches at a vastly greater fold. One million Canadians have already emigrated to the United States, and annexation is advocated by many in Canada, especially the French. But her public debt is about three hundred million—sixty dollars per capita, as against twenty dollars in this country—and she pays England annually twenty-five million dollars interest. In the event of war with England the strategic lines along our frontier are: the Columbia River, guarded by Fort Canby, with practically no modern defenses, and Vancouver Barracks, an infantry station; Puget Sound, not guarded at all, with flourishing cities along its shores, and with Victoria at hand in whose harbour are English warships. Two miles from Victoria is located the English fortress Esquimalt, where are a drydock, coaling station, imperial artillery and colonial troops. Much money has been spent here, and it is ever a menace to us. We need a strong station in this locality to offset it.

The other strategic lines are: the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Lakes and St. Lawrence route to the ocean, with its seventy-one miles of artificial waterway, and the Richelieu and Lake Champlain route. The Canadian Pacific can be reached on the west by a rail and water route from Spokane, Wash., and by a railroad from St. Paul. It could be controlled in ten days or less, and the entire Province of British Columbia would fall in about the same time. But meantime, great harm could be done by the enemy's ships on Puget Sound, though it hardly seems likely they could enter the Columbia with submarine mines and other obstructions planted. Commercial lines and strategic

lines are ever the same, and the waterway from Duluth to the ocean is important. The Sault Ste. Marie is passed by two canals, a Canadian and an American one—the latter accommodating vessels of twenty-one feet draught, four at a time. The annual tonnage through this route exceeds that of the Suez Canal, is greater than that which enters Liverpool, and is but little less than the aggregate of all tonnage of American ports, entered from or cleared for foreign countries.

Lakes Erie and Ontario are joined by the Welland Canal, a Canadian work with toll discrimination against United States vessels; it passes vessels of fourteen feet draught, two hundred and fifty-four feet long and forty-five feet beam. The St. Lawrence canals pass vessels of but nine feet draught, although in three years these waterways will be enlarged to the Welland capacity.

The Williamsburg canals—including the Galop, Rapide Plat, Farrens Point, the Cornwall, Beauharnois and Lachine—avoid rapids of the St. Lawrence from Prescott to Montreal, the head of navigation on the river. The Rideau Canal, from Ottawa to Kingston, was built in 1826-32, for military reasons, to make a wide detour northward and enable vessels to avoid the exposed St. Lawrence canals.

Our military defense of the Lakes consists of four companies of infantry at Fort Brady, on Salt Ste. Marie; eight companies of infantry and two of cavalry at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago; four companies of infantry at Fort Wayne, on the Detroit River; three companies of infantry at Fort Niagara, and two at Fort Porter on the Niagara River; eight companies of infantry at Madison Barracks, near the St. Lawrence on Lake Ontario. These stations would be simply points of rendezvous in the event of war, located as they mostly are at important strategical points.

The Richelieu, joining as it does the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, is navigated by aid of the St. Ours lock and dam, and Champlain Canal, the latter passing vessels of six and a half feet draught and a hundred and ten feet long. With the regiment of infantry at Plattsburg Barracks and four troops of cavalry at Fort Ethan Allen, both on the lake and assisted by the National Guard of New York, this route could soon be controlled.

We have an outlet from the Lakes by the Erie Canal, built in 1825, three hundred and fifty-two miles long, extending from Buffalo to Albany. It is fifty-six feet across the bottom and seven feet in depth, but New York State has decided to enlarge it to nine feet depth, and a scheme is on foot to introduce electric motive power which will greatly reduce the cost of transportation.

The Lakes and ocean should be joined by a ship canal through this country; it cannot be done without enormous cost via the Mississippi and connecting canals, built or in progress; eight feet from St. Louis to the Gulf is all that the Government contemplates. The Erie might be sufficiently enlarged, or, better still, as is claimed, a canal can be built around Niagara Falls on the American side, then a route by way of Oswego and Oneida Rivers, Oneida Lake over the divide to the Mohawk and down that river to the Hudson. By authority of Congress the President has appointed a commission of three to investigate this question of waterway from the Lakes to the ocean. A Federal canal could be constitutionally built, essential as it is to our foreign trade, defensive purposes, and not for local uses.

This is an era of canals; Brussels is to be a port of the sea; Germany has avoided the Skager Rack and Cattegat by her Kiel Canal; France proposes to connect the Atlantic and Mediterranean, thereby avoiding England's rock, and is even considering her numerous interior canals for military mobilization—for with electric propulsion these waterways possess many advantages over railroads.

The treaty of 1817 prohibits either England or the United States from keeping more than one revenue cutter of a hundred tons burden on Ontario, two on the upper lakes and one on Lake Champlain. Either country can abrogate this by giving six months' notice. It is certainly an advantage for England to maintain this treaty or she would abrogate it, though much money has been saved to both nations by its existence. The bid for two gunboats offered by a Detroit firm recently was thrown out on the ground that this would be a violation of the treaty, though on completion they would be transferred to the sea. Mr. Cramp says that Great Britain has six or eight steamers on the Lakes provided with gun circles covered over with false decks, and at Toronto there are a large number of modern rapid-fire guns ready to be mounted on these vessels. We have no guns on hand for such service. Canada has recently built three revenue cutters for Lake service, which, as Commander Wakeman of that country says, are far superior to any we have and would make formidable commerce-destroyers. We could cut the St. Lawrence canals in a short time, but then Great Britain could do a vast amount of harm to our commerce on the Lakes before we could meet her.

It would be expensive to fortify the Lakes, and hardly necessary; certainly not so, with an American ship canal to the ocean. There are twenty-eight million people living about the Lakes on this side, and there can be no question about the ultimate control of these waters; but we want that control with the least possible loss. General Sherman once remarked that Canada lay within our lines. As to the defense of Canada, Halifax and Esquimalt are garrisoned by imperial home troops, they are both coaling stations and at the termini of the Canadian railway system. With the Lower Provinces cut off from the rest of Canada, Halifax is almost entirely a naval strategic point, and with England three thousand miles away, it could not furnish supplies very long. The Dominion is divided into eleven military districts, administered by a Minister of Militia and Defense, and the forces are commanded by a colonel of the British army, with the rank of major-general. Each district has a distinct staff. The forces are permanent and militia, the latter being divided into active and reserve, or rural. The permanent corps consists of two troops of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, four companies of infantry, the total not to exceed one thousand. These troops are enlisted for three years' service, and are officered from

the military college at Kingston, which also sends about four officers annually to the imperial forces. The organizations are kept up to the same standard as home troops.

The active militia consists of volunteers for three years. They are drilled for about twelve days each year with the colors, and during the past year seventeen thousand one hundred and seven received such instruction. The reserve militia includes all able-bodied men from eighteen to sixty, and the total number who have seen some service with the colors, as given in the English army book, is two hundred thousand.

There is an ammunition factory for small arms and projectiles for nine-pounder and sixty-four-pounder guns at Quebec, and a gunpowder factory at Hamilton. The militia is practiced with the permanent troops, and, when possible, with the imperial troops at Halifax and Victoria. This militia has done some good service quelling riots, and some of it is certainly well disciplined. Newfoundland contains no military organization or British coaling station.

LIEUT. HERMAN HALL, U.S.A.

## POACHING IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

A military officer stationed in the Far Northwest sends us the following interesting account of the efforts of the army to protect the fast increasing stock of valuable game: "When Congress passed a law in 1895 fixing a severe penalty on poaching in the National Park the maintenance of most of the larger game was secured. But, under present conditions, it is doubtful if the small herd of two hundred and fifty bison, the only one in the country, can be maintained. These animals range in Hayden Valley close to the Idaho boundary line, and frequently pass over into that State, which, it is to be regretted, has no law for the protection of bison. Public spirit demands that the Idaho Legislature enact such a law."

"Before this excellent poaching law was passed no punishment could be given to hunters other than to seize their outfit and escort them from the Park. The two troops of cavalry now stationed in the Park range the country continually in search of poachers and practically exclude them. Outlying parties are rationed for eight months during the winter season, so deep the snow and severe the weather; the patrolling work during this time is done on snowshoes. Along the borders of the Park in the small villages the poachers reside, and the principal ones are known to the superintendent. He tries to keep informed about them, and if any are missed he immediately suspects poaching and sends out parties to search."

"The elk and antelope, each numbering about twenty-five thousand, are steadily increasing in number, and this applies also to the deer. Such game as may be killed by the bear is not missed and these animals are permitted to remain unmolested; they obtain much of their food from the refuse thrown from the hotels."

## WANTED—AN AMERICAN STAGE.

Mr. W. H. Crane, the well-known comedian, made a speech after the first performance of his new American play in New York the other night, in which he said that for several years he had produced none but plays of American life, by American writers, and he intended to go on with the same policy. Those familiar with the current theatre in this country will appreciate the significance of these remarks. For the past few years our stage has been flooded with dramas from France and England, nearly all of them so corrupt in the pictures of life which they present as to be offensive to the wholesome tone that prevails in this country. They have, however, been successful abroad, and from this fact our managers argue that they will be successful here, and prefer to produce them rather than risk failure with native works. Mr. Crane's speech indicates a turn in the tide. He has already received so much encouragement from the reception accorded his American plays by the public, that his example is likely to be followed by many other actors. American life fairly teems with strong, wholesome themes for the dramatist, utterly different from the unhealthy and indecent motives of the French and English playwrights. Moreover, no field of literature is to-day so alluring to the writer as the drama; managers and actors are clamoring for plays, and the public is weary of the old methods. So if we have not as yet created a national drama, we have good reason to believe, from the present outlook, that we shall create one within the next few years.

ANTI-TOXIN.

## ABOUT CERTAIN PROFESSORS.

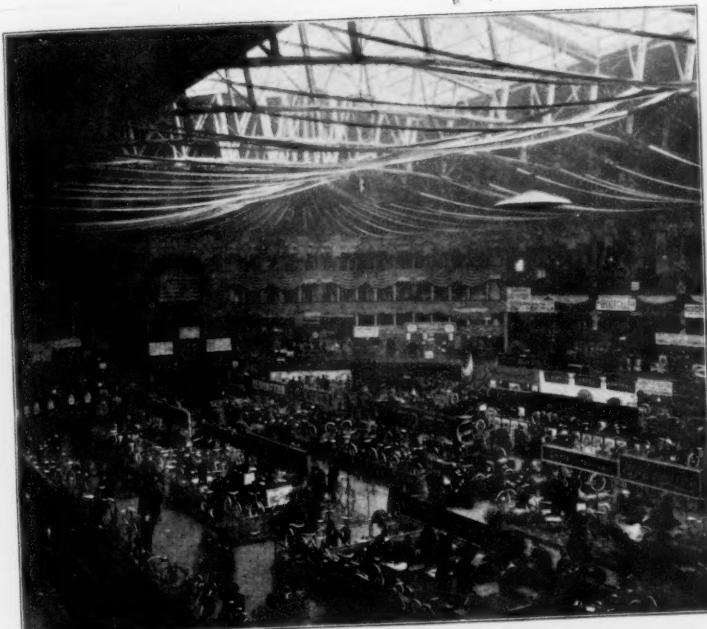
Our complication with Great Britain over the Monroe Doctrine has raised in many minds in this country a very interesting question. That is, whether patriotism is declining among our educated classes. The higher virtues are generally supposed to reside among the classes, rather than among the masses, but patriotism has always been thought to be distributed among all citizens, whether of high or low degree. At the present crisis, however, one cannot fail to note that, while there is no hostility to the President's attitude manifested among the people at large, there are heard among the educated men of the country many voices bitterly denouncing it. This is notably true in the case of our college professors. One of these, indeed—Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard—has gone so far as to declare the President's warlike message to be significant of a return to the days of barbarity. Professor Norton's remarks are important, for they illustrate the way in which all who take his views have missed the point of the present controversy. In his repugnance to war the Professor forgets to entertain a natural and manly repugnance to national insult. Like many others, too, he puts all the odium of his repugnance on President Cleveland, instead of on Lord Salisbury, who refused the President's offer to submit the dispute to arbitration. In other words, Professor Norton has allowed his humane instincts to mislead him, and, together with thousands of other educated men, stands in a position opposed to the spirit of patriotism. THIRD THOUGHT.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.—SOUTH.



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1896

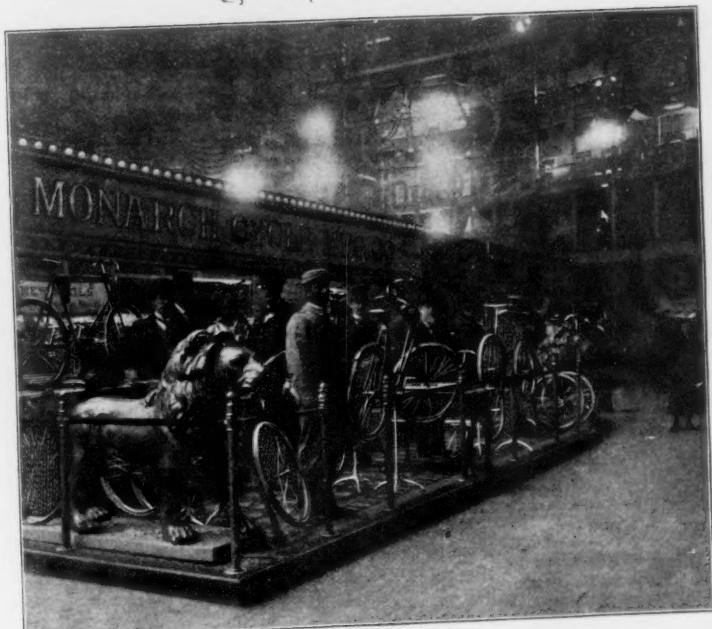
MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN "IZEYL."



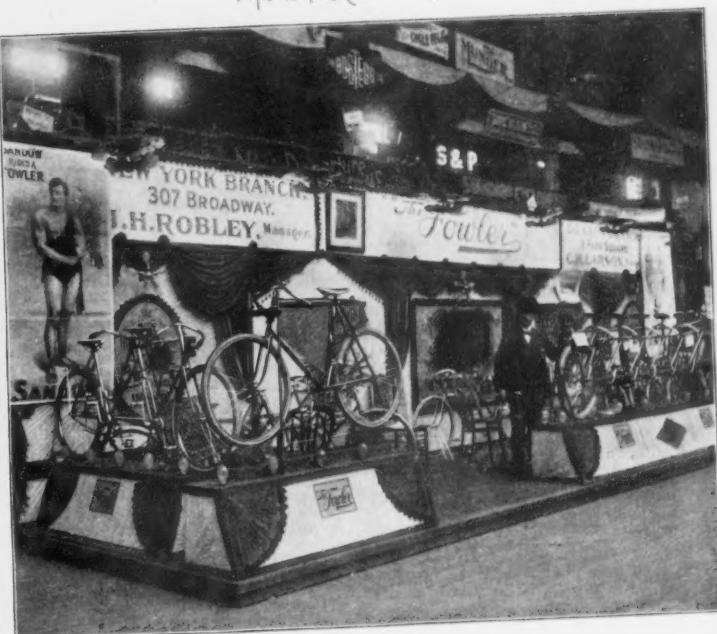
GENERAL VIEW OF SHOW



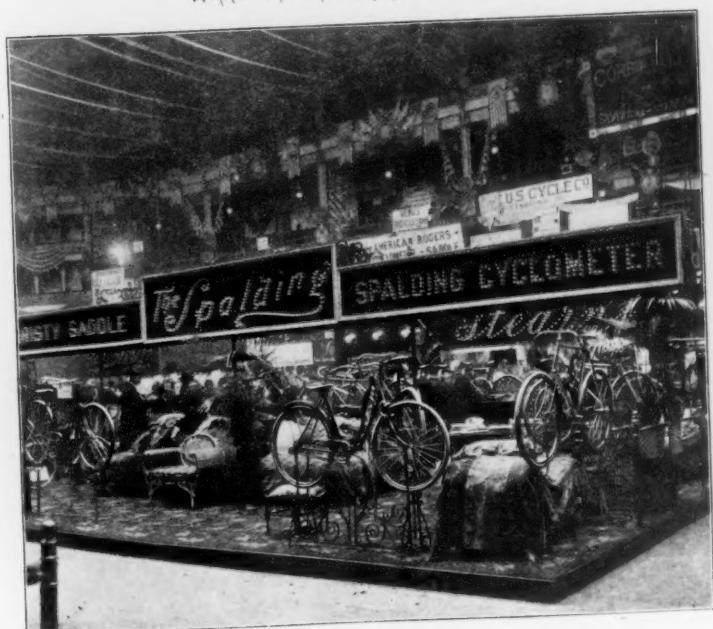
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## THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

## GOOD FOR SOMETHING.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

"HEIGH HO! I wonder what I'm good for!" and Graeme rubbed his hand across his forehead, and looked moodily out of the window.

"Just what I have been thinking—not about you, Graeme, but about my own precious self," said his sister Grace, looking up from a book she had been holding in her hand, but in which no leaf had been turned for the last half-hour.

"Say, sis, what can we do about it?"

"Isn't there some way to find out?" asked Graeme, as he crossed the room and took a seat on the arm of his sister's chair.

"Two doleful faces!" cried a cheery voice as the door opened to admit Uncle Ramsay.

"Yes, uncle," was Graeme's response; "I was just wondering what I was good for, and learned that Grace was echoing the sentiment in regard to her own sweet and precious self."

"It seems to me that you are both old enough to have learned something about that long ago," was Uncle Ramsay's reply, as he shot a quick glance at the brother and sister, who three years before had been left motherless.

"I suppose so, Uncle Ramsay, but we haven't. Would you mind telling us?"

The boy's light manner and words only half concealed the real anxiety that was apparent in the thoughtful expression of his face.

"That Uncle Ramsay should be able to determine in less than one week's acquaintance for many years with his niece and nephew what they have been unable to learn, or so claim, in nearly sixteen years, seems very strange," was their uncle's reply. "Perhaps, though, I may help you a little. First: Do whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, and do it with all thy might."

"Hello!" exclaimed the boy as he glanced out of the window, "there they are at it again! Excuse me, Uncle Ramsay," and he dashed out of the room and bounded down the stairs three steps at a time. The front door banged, and Graeme was out on the sidewalk, the centre of a crowd that was tormenting a poor intoxicated man. Evidently the lad spoke some earnest words, for the two at the window watching noted his expressive gestures, then the crowd of boys dispersed, and Graeme followed with the poor man, guiding him around a corner.

It was fully ten minutes before he returned, and as he entered the room, flushed and heated, his eyes sparkling from exercise and excitement, Uncle Ramsay asked:

"Who was he, Graeme?"

"An unfortunate old man who sometimes does odd jobs for father when he is sober; but when he isn't the boys, the mean ones, think he's sport," and Graeme's face grew scornful.

"Did you go home with him?" inquired Grace.

"I had to, or he never would have reached there," was the reply.

"How often does this thing occur, Graeme?" asked his uncle. "It is not every boy who would have done what you did."

"He would have been mean if he had not," said the lad; then in reply to the question, added: "Not very often; just a few times before."

"You have doubtless learned one thing for which you are good," Uncle Ramsay remarked.

"Big business that!" Graeme disdainfully exclaimed. "Piloting a drunken man out of the reach of—of—hoodlums!"

"Slang," warned Grace.

"Well, what else are they, I'd like to know?" was the almost defiant question.

"In this instance, 'piloting a drunken man' home was helping the helpless, rescuing the one exposed to danger," gravely replied Uncle Ramsay. "That, Graeme, was something done with the whole heart."

"But, Uncle Ramsay, I want to do something that is really important—that is of some use," urged the lad.

"You have, Graeme. You have braved the ridicule of others. You have taken the poor man home, saving him from no one knows how much of what greater degradation and misery, or his family from how much greater shame, anxiety and suffering. You may have roused more manly feelings in the hearts of some of his persecutors; and, Graeme, we little know to what results a much more trifling deed may lead. A boy who has strength of mind and bravery sufficient for this is capable of overcoming in all the battles of life if he will."

"I believe I can speak for myself now," said Grace, after a moment of silence. "If I can do nothing else or nothing more, I can do what I have to do with my whole heart. I have been pretending to read history this afternoon, but have hardly gained two new ideas. If I had given one-half the time to really earnest study, and the other half to finishing a warm garment I am making for this poor man's crippled daughter, there would have been a better record of the hours."

Only a few days elapsed before the garment was completed and carried to the poverty-stricken home which intemperance had made such. The wretched man, whom Grace had last seen supported and led away by Graeme, was sitting by the side of his daughter's couch, with a clear eye and brain, though with trembling hands, reading aloud.

"Will you tell your brother," he asked, as her call ended and Grace arose to leave, "that I have turned over a new leaf? The Lord helping me, Graeme shall never again have to lead this poor man home intoxicated; the lad has made me more ashamed than anything else ever did. I am struggling to overcome the old appetite and believe that I shall win the victory."

"Graeme, we are good for something," said Grace, after delivering the message, "and let us be good for ever and ever so much more. After all, as Uncle Ramsay said, it is only to do whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, and to do it with all thy might."

Milo, O., Jan., 1896.

DEAR MRS. WOOD.—My neighbor receives your paper, and I take great interest in your Happy Thought Club. I know you will think it rash of me writing to you, but I have been wanting to organize a club for ever so long. I have so many nice friends, twenty or so, and they would be so glad, for we all think so much of each other, and we love each other so much so we would stick like glue. We often give entertainments, and could probably give one for the benefit of the club. I would like to know about the matter before I go further. We are two miles north of Columbus. The town is called Milo. You would oblige me by sending me a little information about your by-laws, badges, etc., etc., and I hope to be forever your friend and hear from you soon. I remain, MARIE KEEFE.

Instead of considering your letter rash, I was very much pleased to receive it, and to know that you are so much interested in the Happy Thought Club. I should be glad to have you organize one in your town, and with so many warm friends you certainly ought to be very successful, and I do not doubt but that you would. COLLIER'S WEEKLY for October 31 contained full information regarding the proper organization of clubs, also the constitution, by-laws, rules of business, etc. Probably your kind neighbor has preserved her paper of that date. Every number now contains information in regard to the charter, badges, emblems, etc.; also the 5,000 prizes COLLIER'S WEEKLY is at present offering to organizers. I wish you would try and earn one.

Oakland, Cal., Jan. 5, 1896.

DEAR MRS. WOOD.—I received your kind letter and also the paper from COLLIER'S WEEKLY for which I sent to the office with you, on the 11th instant. In a number of weeks we have not had the COLLIER'S WEEKLY. My sister was waiting for the agent so we could renew our subscription when the San Francisco agent came over with the books. We sent for it right away, and although we received the books that came with the WEEKLY, the WEEKLY has not been received. The San Francisco agent when he brought the prize said he had just come from Petaluma and was just in time to help them with a club that was just organizing. The agent or collector is as nice and gentlemanly a man as you could meet, and so pleasant. I wish we could visit our club some time. We bought a book called "The Columbian Digest of Parliamentary Practice." The agent left it to the Petaluma Club, it being the only other club on the Pacific Coast to our knowledge. We are going to send for our badges—that is, most of us—and our charter; we did want to wait and get them all together. I sent my picture and forgot to put on my name, but I guess you will know it, coming from Oakland. . . . To-morrow we start in to renovate the club rooms; the girls are going to do it and surprise the boys next meeting. I am the only boy in the secret. They are going to have a table nicely spread with refreshments and surprise them. Would it not be a good idea for the girls to have a party? We are going to have a party with some pretty designs, light-blue paper for the envelopes? I wish we could buy it from the stationery store, and all the clubs use it. I have so much I would like to write, but I guess it would tire you to read it. Would you mind writing some particular thing you would like us to do? If we are not the first club we can be ahead in good many ways.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE STUBBS.

I am sorry there has been any delay in the receipt of your paper. You know that the books were already with the agent in California, but the paper must be sent from the office here. As yet, your order has not been received, but it is daily expected. I am glad to learn that your club is making the acquaintance of the one in Petaluma. I am also pleased that you have purchased a book that will give you points on parliamentary procedures. That is one thing in which I want our H. T. C. to educate the boys and girls, as I stated in one of my first H. T. articles. The picture was duly received, and I had no hesitancy in deciding whose it was. How much I would enjoy having a peep at the club room when the girls have it all renovated and the surprise ready. The idea of club stationery seems to me a very happy thought, and I have referred the matter to those "in authority" urging a favorable consideration. Next week I shall be able to write decidedly about it. Light purple, though, not blue, is the color of our club, taken from the sweet sultan blossoms. Florists tell us that no known variety of plants that bear yellow blossoms ever have blue ones. You never saw a blue rose, and if you will think carefully over all the flowers you know, I think you will find that Nature has some secret law that would be transgressed if the same plant, or variety of plant, should bear both yellow and blue blossoms. Various shades of purple are known, but never a true blue. There is one particular thing I would like your club to do; and I thank you for asking me to suggest something. So far as I know, not one club has yet thought of it, and that is to show some especial kindness to the sick. It would please me very much if every week for six weeks, say, some one or more girl or boy should be appointed to carry a sick person some little token of good will—notthing that need cost any money—but a few flowers, or even a single rose with its fresh green leaves, and the message that it was sent by the Happy Thought Club with best wishes. Can you imagine what it might mean to some suffering invalid? No matter if the one chosen to send it to has beautiful flowers of his or her own, and in great abundance. It is not the gift one-tenth part as much as it is the thoughtful remembrance that cheers and comforts, and furnishes something pleasant to think about during the long, wearisome hours. Then let me know all about it. This may be a tiny acorn out of which will grow a goodly oak. You never need fear that your letters will prove too long. Thanks for the clipping from the California paper, which is printed below, and warmest congratulations on the success of your entertainment.

## HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

The Happy Thought Club of Oakland, Cal., and the first of the order to organize on the Pacific Coast, being a branch of the New York H. T. C. organized by COLLIER'S WEEKLY, gave an entertainment the first of the week at 826 Twenty-second Street, and it was a most enjoyable affair. The banquet-hall was beautifully and tastefully decorated with smilax, maiden-hair ferns, white cosmos and La France roses, intermingling with the colors of the club, white and blue, symbols of truth and purity. Here and there stood potted palms and ferns. After



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the banquet a magic lantern exhibition was conducted by Professor Tom Jordan. Fancy dances by juvenile members of the club, songs and recitations by the older members also, and an address by the club's president, all served to make the evening a very pleasant one.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 20, 1896.

DEAR MADAM.—I have seen your letter in print, and as you are desirous to hear of our concert, I must tell you it was a success; we took in fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents which we gave to the Jewish Orphan's Home in the name of Mrs. Wood's Happy Thought Club. Our concert began at 6:30 P.M. January 8, '96, on the day of the battle of New Orleans. We began with recitations and compositions were read, then we had a band of music and refreshments were served. We have now fifty members and do not intend to increase our membership. We have also twenty dollars in the treasury. I remain,

Yours respectfully, MARX HASPEL, Pres.

Heartfelt congratulations on the success of your concert; I think you made a very wise use of the proceeds. If all the girls and boys in America who have happy homes and loving parents would contribute ever so small a sum—one cent each week—for those who have neither, how much good might be done! Your club is deserving of sincere commendation on account of its large membership and the amount of money raised.

Arkansas City, Kan., Jan. 19, 1896.

DEAR FRIEND.—Our club is progressing finely. We now have sixteen members, and the greater part take a great interest in it. I was very agreeably surprised to find that I was a prize-winner, as I did not expect one, and I want to thank you for the three beautiful volumes; as I am very fond of reading, nothing could please me better. We are earning money in different ways to get badges; we are going to sell popcorn this week, and see if we can't get a dollar or two. We have not sent my prize yet, thinking I would get another one taken, but I have not, so will send you one of the others, but it is not very good. We now meet at each other's houses every Saturday afternoon, but we are now trying to fit up a club room. A committee went to see the blind man again and took him some fruit; but he was deaf and could not hear them read. We will try and do more when school is out; but with lessons to get we do not have much time. We had a Christmas Programme, and it was very good. . . . I will be more regular in writing. . . .

Your friend, EDNA ALLEN.

Your report is encouraging, and I am pleased to know that the prize is what you will enjoy so much. It also gives me a great deal of pleasure to learn that you are trying in various ways to earn the money for badges. There is nothing that helps girls or boys to so soon become womanly or manly as to early learn to do for themselves. And the next step, after having learned to help one's self, is, naturally, to help others. And there is so much in this great world of ours that needs to be done; there is such a call for earnest, happy, thoughtful workers—those with eyes, ears and hearts wide open, hands ready to soothe or to uplift, feet quick to step forward—there is so much that willing helpers may do, that I want to have our whole large army of girls and boys properly equipped for the labor, that I am sure will become one of love. I hope in time that every club will be able to have its own club room, and that in every town in America there will be one or more. None of us now know how large an "army of peace" will yet march under the Happy Thought Club Banner. I am so glad you have had tender, helpful thoughts for the afflicted, and are trying to do what you can for one whose material eyes are closed to the light, the sunshine and the many beauties of this world. I shall be glad to hear frequently from you.

**FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.**—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier, or any value up to \$100, to be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he/she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes ten badges, shall have been ordered. Books to the value of \$5.00 will be awarded every organizer of a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as completed. Thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete, if the charter and twenty badges, or twenty four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or badges with four months' subscriptions shall be ordered, or part of the members may be badges and part the other. The organizer of the first club completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

**CHARTER.**—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a handsome work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is \$1.00; or it will be sent *free* as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any address, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

**BADGES.**—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given *free* to any club member who shall send \$1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

**COLORS.**—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

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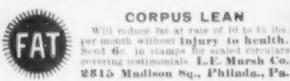
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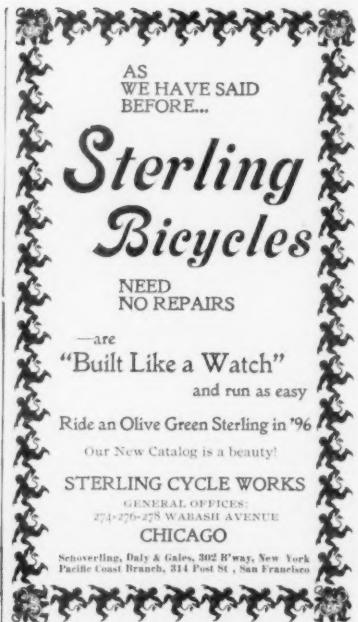
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